JOHN BULL, March 18, 1922. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage on U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 824. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1922. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

JOBBERY in PUBLIC LIFE

BY THE EDITOR

By Appointment To H.M. The King.

NESTLÉ'S MEANS *QUALITY*

The most simple description of Nestlé's Milk is this—rich milk with all its cream. It is not economy to buy cheaper and poorer milk—spend your money wisely and buy quality. For your children's sake avoid machine-skimmed milk, which is unfit for infant feeding; you want them to have all the goodness of the milk—not the weak remainder. Therefore, we repeat,

MOTHERS! NURSE YOUR BABIES—IF YOU *CAN'T*, GET NESTLÉ'S, the milk with *all* the life-giving elements intact.

NESTLÉ'S ENGLISH OR SWISS MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

If unsweetened milk is preferred demand "IDEAL" (THE EVERYDAY MILK) *Packed by Nestlé's* 5D. & 9D.

Cash prices 7d. and 1/1½d. per tin.

Milks at lower prices, being old stock, are not guaranteed by us.

Compare the thick even richness of Nestlé's with the thinner, watery or sugary consistency of other milks. Two generations of British housewives have been brought up in the belief that Nestlé's Milk is the leading brand of Condensed Milk. They have never expected, they have never wanted better milk—they have realised that better milk is not possible. In daily use for over 50 years, its quality has told its own tale, and confidence in its purity has never wavered. Don't take risks—let the reputation of Nestlé's be your guide.

Substitutes never satisfy—demand Nestlé's always.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

THE WORLD'S BEST BARGAIN TO-DAY

SOLID SILVER CHAINS GIVEN AWAY FREE

The well-known and old original SOLID SILVER LEVER WATCH ON SALE AGAIN. And—thanks to THE UNIVERSAL STORES—this time cheaper than ever. THE UNIVERSAL STORES, as GREAT BRITAIN'S PREMIER BARGAIN HOUSE, is now a household word, and in no case is the word "Bargain" better exemplified than the present. THE WHICH WE ARE MAKING THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY OFFER EVER ATTEMPTED, an offer which at once places this in the front rank of all advertising bargains.

30/- ONLY. POST PAID.

A SOLID SILVER LEVER WATCH (GOVERNMENT HALL-MARKED), KEY-WIND, CAPPED AND DUST-PROOF, BOLD CLEAR DIAL, CRYSTAL FACE, 15-JEWEL LEVER MOVEMENT, IN MASSIVE CASE, FOR THE ASTONISHING LOW ADVERTISING PRICE OF 30s. ONLY.

As everyone knows, the PRE-WAR PRICE of this world-renowned Silver Lever was always Three Guineas. Therefore, do not hesitate, but SEND NOW for "The World's Best Bargain To-day." A handsome watch that any gentleman will be proud of: a serviceable watch that will always give satisfaction. A watch that is always money in your pocket.

SPECIAL FREE GIFT OFFER. Customers sending their order for one of our Silver Lever Watches during the next seven days will receive, free of charge, a handsome solid silver Curb Albert, worth 10s. 6d.

15-JEWEL SILVER LEVER. Every Watch exactly as illustrated and warranted for FIVE YEARS.

You run no risk of loss or disappointment in dealing with the Universal Stores, of Manchester (est. 30 years), and your money will be refunded in full if you are not delighted with your bargain.

The Universal Stores (Manchester) Ltd. 16, New Cannon Street (J.B.8), MANCHESTER.

Treasury notes must be sent by registered post. Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed (& Co.) and made payable to the Universal Stores, Ltd.

Skin Rashes

Carried Arm in a Sling for Years. Furrowed with deep cracks and intensely painful. Cured by Germolene.

Mr. J. Light.

Mr. James Light, 12, Lyndale Road, Redhill, Surrey, says:—"Seventeen years ago a poisoned scratch caused a rash to break out on my shoulder, which spread all down my arm to the wrist. It was very painful, and the skin cracked all across, deep cracks you could lay a finger in. It got so bad finally that I could not use the arm (the right), and had to carry it in a sling. For two or three years I was like that. I tried all sorts of things, but nothing did any good. Then I got Germolene, and after a few dressings the arm looked better. The final result is that the disease is cured. The cracks have all filled up, and I can use my arm again. It is a bit drawn through being so long in a sling, but even that is getting better."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions, Cuts and Burns, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!
Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at Four Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists, from the purest ingredients, by

The Vono Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

AND DO NOT ORDER until you have personally examined the fine quality Gabardines and seen the Style Book showing the smart, comfortable styles which make

SARTOR RAINCOATS

the FINEST RAINCOAT VALUE IN THE WORLD. These Famous Raincoats are tailored in our own workrooms and sold direct to you at

Reduced price 20/- Carriage paid

thus cutting out all middle profits. They are cut to special measurements by experts, from a wonderfully warm, fully proofed Gabardine with a cosy check lining. Scrupulous attention is given to the finish of each individual garment—nothing is "skimped" either in QUALITY or STYLE.

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address on a postcard and we will forward a full range of patterns, Style Book (Ladies', Gent's, Maids' and Youths') and an accurate self-measurement form. We guarantee every Coat, and if you are not completely satisfied with your purchase we return your money in full. Write to-day.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY (Dept. J.), 52, Oxford Road, Manchester.

——— and Wincarnis gives new vitality to those who are Run-down because ———

Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

As a Tonic it "tones up" the whole system. As a Restorative it restores lost vitality. As a Blood-maker it enriches and re-vitalises the blood; and as a Nerve Food it promotes new nerve force.

That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend Wincarnis.

If you are Weak, or Anæmic, or Nervous, or Run-down—begin taking Wincarnis to-day.

But be sure you get Wincarnis—*shun substitutes.*

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell Wincarnis. Try just one bottle

Small Size, 2/3. ——— Large Size, 6/-.

WINCARNIS

The Wine of Life.

CLARNICO

CLARNICO RIDDLES, No. 4.

What is better than a Clarnico Caramel?

TWO CLARNICO CARAMELS

Or better still, a dainty box to avoid handling. Besides—a box of CLARNICO CARAMELS makes a very acceptable present.

Prices again Reduced—Quality fully maintained.

Clarnico Cream Caramels	7d. ½-lb.
Clarnico Lily Caramels (with almonds)	8d. ½-lb.
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily Caramels	9d. ½-lb.

Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling · also one by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 824. Week ending Saturday, March 18th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day*]

The Eternal Problem.

It has been "touch and go" in Ireland, and we are not yet out of the wood. Was it not Disraeli who said the only solution was to sink the island beneath the Atlantic for twenty-four hours?

"Engineering" a Quarrel.

It would be interesting to know to what extent the trouble in the engineering trade has been deliberately fostered by revolutionary agitators handling Russian money. We know our Mann!

America and Genoa.

"It is the sincere wish of the United States of America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or squabbles of European nations." So wrote George Washington, and President Harding evidently intends to live up to it.

The Abortive Conference.

If the Genoa Conference takes place at all it will be a tame affair. The hostility of the French Government is a fatal barrier to its success, and if the Prime Minister is wise he will arrange to be "indisposed" at the date of the meeting.

Eager Electors.

At the recent L.C.C. Elections about fifty per cent. of the electors of the Metropolis were so enamoured of the glorious right of self-government that they took the trouble to walk to the polling-booth. Three years ago, only seventeen per cent. bothered. So we are getting on.

Police Economy.

It will be a scandal if the Geddes "cut" in police expenditure is made an excuse for weakening the Criminal Investigation Department. The obvious way to save the money is to sack P.C. Nosey Parker, whose fussy impertinence has got on all our nerves, and concentrate on crime.

Burn Them!

We now have it on the authority of the Dean of Windsor that the banners of the ex-Kaiser and other Knights of the Garter degraded during the War have not been destroyed, but are still being preserved at St. George's Chapel. What on earth for, we should like to know? They should be burned for the rubbish they are.

Let Parliament Decide.

We gather that the P.-M.-G., if left alone, would be disposed to use the prospective surplus of £8,000,000 on the Post Office Revenue for the purpose of reducing postal charges, but a strong section of the Cabinet is claiming the amount for the Treasury. Surely the best plan would be to let the House of Commons decide.

The Indian Menace.

Poor Mr. Montagu, how he must wish he had never attempted to disturb what he once called the "pathetic contentment" of India! And where is it all going to end?

Allenby for India.

Why not send Allenby to India? After his success in Egypt he may be trusted to get to the bottom of the greater trouble. Failing that, we must look for another statesman among the generals; we shall not find one among the politicians.

ONE-WEEK

£300

FOR TEN

MUST BE WON.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

Think of It!

So it is true, after all, that we have paid the French Government rent for those blood-drenched acres of soil which formed the British trenches in France. What *can* we say?

Football Faking.

The *Referee* is much perturbed over our disclosures regarding faked football matches, and urges the Football Association to set up a Committee of Inquiry. We agree that this would be a better way of spending money than in junketing at the seaside, but it is doubtful if the F.A. Council will rise to the occasion.

Racing Roguery.

After football, racing. The article we publish this week is the first of a series that will create something like consternation among those who follow the Sport of Kings.

Materia Medica.

At West Norwood, 700 children in the Workhouse School were recently inoculated with an anti-diphtheric serum, on the sole authority of the Medical Officer without the consent of the Board of Guardians. But, of course, they were only pauper kiddies whom nobody owned.

Murdered Women.

At the time of the Bournemouth murder we pointed out that the criminal was almost certainly a sexual maniac, who would undoubtedly repeat the crime before long. Now comes the terrible tragedy near Gallows' Tree Common, where another inoffensive woman has been battered to death. The police have a lot to learn.

That Famine.

So the Government have decided not to make a monetary grant in relief of the Russian "famine." No flies on David!

Borstal.

It is announced on the authority of the Home Secretary that the Borstal System is to be thoroughly overhauled. But we thought everything in the garden was lovely, if only the wicked Press would not tell lies about it.

Evolution.

It has recently been stated that, as time goes on, people's heads tend to become larger and their feet smaller—because, generally speaking, they think more than they walk. Yet politicians as a class take remarkably large hats.

Good Old Blink!

We note that the Egyptian Prince, Mohamed Ali Ibrahim, arrived recently at New York with the ex-welterweight champion of America, Blink McLosky, as a member of his suite. This, we presume, is what is called "the new diplomacy."

The Logical Way.

Perhaps Mr. Justice Hill, who has been complaining of the inaudibility of witnesses in the Divorce Court, will take a tip from the late Mr. Justice Hawkins, who once remarked: "I have one rule for witnesses I cannot hear; I take no notice of what they say."

Peeresses of the Realm.

Despite the recommendations of the Committee of Privileges, we fear it will be some time before the Viscountess Rhondda and other peeresses in their own right take their seats in the House of Lords. The Peers are not having any, and no one else cares a threepenny-bit. Sad, but true.

Wakeford Winning.

The Wakeford petition will in a few days be ready for presentation to the King, and the ex-Archdeacon intends shortly to make a definite personal application for the re-hearing of his case by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In our view, there can be no doubt as to the result.

The New Party.

There is no doubt that events are moving rapidly towards the formation of a new Constitutional Party on the lines we indicated last week. The Prime Minister naturally seeks some assurance of solid support from the Unionist rank and file. Besides, Sir George Younger controls the "machine," and L. G. is far too wily a politician to force the game till all the cards are in his hand.

A Sensible Decision.

The Henley police have set a fine example to provincial constabularies by promptly calling in Scotland Yard to assist in hounding down the murderer of Mrs. Blake. To stand on a false dignity means letting off many murderers who otherwise would be captured. It is no use having an expert body of police unless their services are made use of at the crucial moment.

Stamps and Surcharges.

The surcharges in Belgium on deficient prepaid postage from this country amount to a very considerable item in the monthly accounts of agents of British firms there. Some people apparently imagine that there is an almost universal 2d. postal rate for letters, whereas a glance at the Post Office Guide would show them that threepence is the minimum for abroad. Incidentally, why do so many of our papers persist in regarding Belgium as a sort of protectorate of France, instead of an independent State?

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

No Medals for Sheerness Specials!

Although they performed considerably more than the requisite 150 duties, the Sheerness Specials are denied medals because, forsooth, they were not officially organised for the stipulated period of two years. Sheerness stands at the gate of London, and these patriotic citizens got a double dose of Taubes and Gothas while the air-raids were on, and probably put in longer hours than any other force in the country. Could shabbiness go further?

Dishing the Dean.

The Dean of York, having instituted special musical services at the Minster, found that voluntary contributions did not suffice to meet the extra expense, and accordingly tried the plan of offering reserved seats at 5s. 9d. each. The rating authorities—possibly jealous of the Excise, which benefits by the Entertainment Tax—now threaten to rate the Minster as a "place of entertainment"! What a happy land it would be if the authorities were as keen on giving value as on extracting cash!

"Orders to View."

Householders should be on their guard about people who call with orders to view. A few days ago Judge Atherley Jones heavily sentenced at the Old Bailey two men who had been to West End houses and presented agents' orders obtained on the pretence that they were prospective tenants. In each case jewellery was missed after they had gone. Obviously, it is up to house agents to satisfy themselves by some sort of inquiry as to the *bona fides* of these persons.

Roosters on the Rates.

During the war the municipality of Bradford started a poultry farm, replete with the latest appliances, probably including a string of rules and regulations governing the conduct of their highly respectable chickens. These Bradford Bumbles have at last closed down, the average deficit on their 700 roosters being £500 a year—each bird incurring an annual loss of about twice its value! The ratepayers may console themselves with the reflection that if their hens laid no eggs, their Council have generally been able to maintain a high standard of cackling.

Talking Through his Hat.

The Reverend Benson Perkins, of Ramsgate, speaking intemperately on temperance, calmly stated, in a condemnation of clubs, that the "police could only enter a club with a search-warrant." As a plain fact, a club with a drink licence is subject to police inspection in exactly the same manner as a public-house. It is a pity the reverend gentleman will not take the trouble to verify his "facts."

"Taking the Shilling."

We don't know whether, after the time-honoured fashion of the King's recruiting officers, the Salvation Army gave Edward Greenhow a shilling when they enlisted him at Macclesfield, but they gave him a card authorising him to collect contributions to the Self-Denial Fund, and promptly prosecuted him for embezzling that particular coin, received by him on their behalf. The Adjutant said the man had been out of work for a month, and was no doubt overcome by temptation, but he believed they would be able to make a creditable citizen of him. A strange way of collecting funds, and a stranger one still of making creditable citizens, to our mind.

"CUPID IN A CART"

—an extremely amusing Irish love story in the "PASSING SHOW" by Lynn Doyle, the Irish humorist. This is one of the features of the SPECIAL IRISH NUMBER of the "PASSING SHOW." Don't miss it!

PASSING SHOW

SPECIAL IRISH NUMBER

NOW ON SALE——2d.

A Postal Grab.

In order to send her mother five shillings-worth of chocolates, a Toronto girl had to pay 1s. 6d. postage. When the parcel arrived here someone discovered that there was a customs duty of 5d. payable on the sweetmeats. The postal officials thereupon clapped on an additional sixpence "Post Office Fee for Customs Clearance." If a mere shopkeeper tried that sort of game, he would soon have to put his shutters up to prevent his windows being smashed.

Accept No Substitutes!

The Pastor of a leading Nonconformist Church in Huddersfield is rather doubtful whether a certain ladies' organisation should be given credit for very poor judgment or very kind hearts. He arrived at a meeting to find them entertaining a beggar to tea, under the impression that the mendicant was the minister! It is lucky he got there before the plausible deputy added injury to insult by a display of superior professional ability in taking up a collection!

Pillory for Profiteers.

Recent tenders for contracts to the Blackburn Rural Council differed so little that Mr. Smalley, J.P., expressed the opinion that it was due to "trade rings, a danger to the trade of the country," and wished these combinations could be broken up. We suggest that advertising the figures of the tenders, and offering a percentage to responsible individuals who could secure reductions, would soon produce a healthy competition, besides exposing those contractors attempting to dip their greedy fingers into the ratepayers' till.

Comparisons.

The Reverend Lewis Edwards, of Llanwrst, is very wroth with his congregation because when they enter their bank they go about the business with an air of awesome respect, but "tramp carelessly into chapel with the utmost disrespect." We fear he is unduly severe—though, on the other hand, it may not have escaped his flock that while "money talks" some preachers only make a sanctimonious noise.

Short Sight—Short Cash.

Ada May Gentry, a clerk of Goddard Brothers, fishmongers of Bexhill, committed defalcations of over £1,000, and was awarded four months' in the second division. Other interesting details are that her salary was 30s. weekly, but she dressed extravagantly and affected taxis. Two pertinent questions arise—How did her employers think she could do it on her pay? And what silly methods are in vogue that allowed cheating up to £1,000?

A Bird and a Beak.

Ernest William Bird, serving with the Colours, stated on being charged with absence from his regiment that he deserted only to get married—which is much better than the desertion coming *after* the marriage. As the girl was present in Court, "in bridal attire," the Magistrate freed him temporarily from the shackles of Justice to allow him to assume the fetters of matrimony. His Worship, however, sent a policeman to see he didn't miss the way there—or back!

Cornish Autocrats.

The Cornwall County Council appears to be badly in need of a shaking up. At a recent meeting the Finance Committee presented a report in which it was recommended that the Clerk should have the power to dismiss any official on his staff without referring the matter to the Council! If this is the autocratic fashion in which all its affairs are conducted, it is not surprising that this is one of the most expensive and extravagant of all the 48 County Councils in England.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Worthy Worthing.

Lawn-tennis being a glorious game for Sundays and other days as holy, the Town Council of Worthing are to be congratulated on their majority decision to permit it to be played in the local open spaces on Sunday afternoons between two and six. Players can therefore start after dinner and finish in time for church, an arrangement obviously as good for body as for soul.

"As You Were!"

Lance-Corporal William Briggs, aged 18, having committed matrimony with Ada West, was arrested and charged with abduction, her mother declaring that she was under sixteen. Her daughter's age is surely one of the little things a mother might be expected to know, but at the trial the elder woman admitted she had made a mistake, and the girl was actually sixteen a few days before the marriage! At this the police graciously withdrew from the prosecution, though they neglected to explain why nobody exercised enough common sense to examine the birth certificate.

A Penalty Kick.

Apparently it is a terrible crime to kick a football in the streets of Aberdeen—the other day four youths charged before Bailie Lunan with so doing were each fined 10s., with the alternative of five days' imprisonment. Ma conscience! We warrant the lads are better "sports" than the Bailie.

Poor Value for £6,000,000.

A telegram handed in at the Post Office in Victoria Street, Liverpool, at 4.20 p.m. arrived at the Wallasey office near by at 4.30 p.m. The place of its address could be reached on foot in ten minutes and cycled in five, and the wording showed its extreme urgency. It was delivered at 5.30 p.m., when too late to be of any use. This sort of thing is a poor return for the patience with which the public have borne being plundered by heavy postal charges to the tune of a six millions surplus.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Trial by Jury.

Isn't it time that Breach of Promise cases were tried again by Juries, as before the war, not by Judges only? That award of £5 to a girl who claimed that she was seduced under the usual promise tempts one to think so, and, after all, it is never safe to leave great human interests exclusively to lawyers.

Brotherly

The Rev. Tom Sykes, General Secretary of the National Brotherhood Council, is a cheery sort of Brother. Lecturing at Clitheroe, he deplored the fact that there were hundreds and thousands of people who spent their Sunday mornings reading all the scavenging and garbage that was being swept up in the divorce and police courts. Apparently he would rob his dearly-beloved brother of his Sunday paper, just as he would rob him of his glass of beer. Brother Sykes has still a lot to learn in the brotherly line.

Shame on Shrewsbury.

Most cordially do we agree with Colonel E. Cureton, Coroner for Shrewsbury, that such a town, with its more than 30,000 inhabitants, ought not to be without a workhouse in which its hopeless and helpless poor can find a haven in suffering and poverty. Colonel Cureton's criticism arose out of an inquest on an emaciated old man of 86, named Griffiths, found dead in a common lodging-house. The poor old chap had only his pension of 10s. a week to live on, out of which he had to pay 4s. 8d. a week for his bed. His end was hastened by sheer starvation.

Cruelty to Cattle.

It was possibly through callous incompetence rather than deliberate cruelty that John and Mary Ann Durham, of Shetland Farm, Withyham, Sussex, starved and neglected over fifty cows, calves, sheep and pigs. Most of the poor animals were reduced to mere skin and bone, suffering horribly, while a bull actually died from sheer inanition. Though it is a damning fact that the man was heavily fined some time ago for a similar offence, the East Grinstead Magistrates merely fined the couple £50 and ten guineas costs. Such people are utterly unfit to own or have charge of animals.

Fishy.

A person of the name of Q. S. Arundel runs a concern called "Pike & Co., Business Experts and Mail Order Specialists," at 30, Newgate Street, London, E.C. One customer sent him 12s. 6d. for "full details, particulars, and instructions concerning the Mail Order Business," and in reply received an invitation to take up a scheme and forward more cash. Wishing first to see a sample of the goods, a request to that end was made. And that appears to be the end. Arundel should disgorge the 12s. 6d.

Worn-out Horses.

In spite of the precautions taken by the Inspectors of the Ministry of Agriculture, there is only too good reason to believe that some of the worn-out horses exported from this country to the Continent for slaughter are sold on the other side to work out the end of their lives in misery. No amount of inspection here can ensure humane treatment for the poor creatures once they are in a foreign country, and we can only repeat what we have said so often—that the traffic should be prohibited entirely.

Should a Woman tell her Husband ?

DO you think that a woman should always tell her husband everything? This question, affecting the happiness of every married man or woman, is discussed with sensible frankness in the leading article in this week's "EVERYWOMAN'S." Don't fail to read it.

EVERYWOMAN'S

On Sale Everywhere 2d.

A Timely Protest.

We congratulate Dr. T. Glyn James on his spirited protest to the Pontypool Coroner against being summoned to an inquest, and his evidence then being dispensed with. He was, too, exceptionally busy at the time. But doctors are not the only victims of such abuses. It happens with jurymen over and over again, as many of these unfortunates know to their cost. The system badly wants overhauling.

Money or Life?

If anyone is in doubt as to whether money or life is regarded as the more valuable in this country, two recent Court decisions may help them to form an opinion. A drunken doctor who tortured a woman in her hour of travail, and eventually caused her death, got off with twelve months' imprisonment in the second division, while a solicitor convicted of fraudulent conversion was awarded five years' penal servitude. That should settle the question.

A Southfields Soothsayer.

Noticing an advertisement in a daily paper, "A man, young, intellectual, etc., without prospect of early situation and £4 to spare wanted," a Teddington reader took the plunge. In reply came a letter from P. Warwick, 484, Merton Road, Southfields, who started off by saying he was "a man with exceptional brain power," and went on to state that the nature of the business was "practically confidential enquiries, secret investigations, tracing, and in fact, everything." "It will be my brains and experience and your money," he added, but he omitted to say that at the finish the position might be reversed.

Cinema Vermin.

Filthy-minded creatures who frequent cinemas with the deliberate object of defiling helpless children deserve no mercy. Had the "one month hard" sentence passed by the Lancaster Justices on Thomas Rawlinson for an aggravated assault on a little girl at the local picture-drome been multiplied by twelve, it would have been no more than justice. Such scoundrels should be taught that the decencies of the cinema do not end with the censorship of its films.

Callous Cat-"Lovers."

Mr. and Mrs. Erskin Shaw, of Kingston, were fond of their cat. In fact, when an Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. called to remove it to the lethal chamber, Mrs. Shaw said she was so fond of it she felt it was like losing a human friend. The Inspector, however, found the poor creature in a shocking state of emaciation, suffering from numerous suppurating wounds, and practically rotting alive from canker. Its fond owners had provided no treatment whatever for their pet, and a summons against them for causing unnecessary suffering was dismissed on payment of costs. Disgraceful!

The Colonel and the Chauffeur.

A few weeks ago we referred to certain proceedings against Colonel Brian Fairfax, of Middlethorpe Manor, York, at the instance of a chauffeur who had been dismissed from his employment after a dispute in which the parties actually came to blows. We still think it a pity that an officer with such a distinguished record of war service should have been involved in an affair of this kind, but we by no means intended to suggest that the fault was all on the Colonel's side, and gladly accept the evidence of an eye-witness that the gallant officer did in fact receive very considerable provocation. Anyway, the whole thing has blown over, and perhaps one of these days master and man will meet and shake hands.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Baby and Brute.

Whatever Gunner Arthur Coombes, R.G.A., of Shrapnel Barracks, Woolwich, may have done in the Great War, it is obvious he is a very special kind of brute out of it. Home at Ryde on leave, he left bed at night and blackened and bruised with his fist his baby girl, a year-and-nine-months old, because she annoyed him by crying. "It is most difficult," said Mr. A. Andrews, Mayor of Ryde, "to use language which would adequately convey what one feels, with the evidence of the child's condition before us." Then he added that the least the Magistrates could do was to send this most cowardly and cruel father to gaol for three months with hard labour. Double the punishment would have better served justice.

"Bullets" Big Five.

Quite the most startling offer ever made in the history of competitions appears this week in the shape of "Bullets" Big Five. As many as five prizes of £250 each must be won. There are also five prizes of £25 and five of £10, besides innumerable awards of smaller amounts. See if *You* cannot be among the first Big Five.

THE CRYING SCANDAL OF THE SCHOOL SURGEON.

OPERATION MANIA WHICH AT ANY MOMENT MAY CLAIM YOUR CHILD AS ITS VICTIM.

IT is high time that the public were roused to the danger and cruelty to child life involved in the present so-called "system of medical inspection" now in vogue at Board or, as they have come to be called, "County" Schools. That "system"—more than once exposed in these columns—lets loose upon the schools a number of inexperienced medicos, who perform at the public expense dangerous and sometimes unnecessary operations on poor children, under conditions that positively court failure, suffering and death. A shocking example of this comes to hand from Tottenham, where quite recently an inquest was held on one Charles William Page, a thirteen-year-old boy, who had died following the cutting away of his tonsils. At the inquest, the mother told the Coroner that the poor lad had always been perfectly healthy—save for an attack of measles when but four years old. However, Dr. Alice Stalker, Senior Assistant School Medical Officer to the Tottenham District Council, had looked down the lad's throat during an "inspection" of the kiddies, and had thought fit to conclude that "as the tonsils were greatly enlarged, it was necessary for his health that they should be removed."

Now as the boy's mother had stated that he was quite well, most commonsense people will ask why it was necessary to perform this most delicate and dangerous operation on his throat, and they will perhaps in doing so recall two salient facts:

(i.) That the very best medical opinion condemns unsparingly the too frequent use of the knife in regard both to tonsils and adenoids; and

(ii.) It insists that, when these have to be removed, it is essential that the operation should be performed under conditions utterly different from those forced upon parents by the L.C.C.

Criminal Carelessness.

It is vital that parents should understand this—that these operations upon their children, as carried out to-day, are condemned absolutely by the best and most authoritative expert opinion. Let there be no doubt upon this point. The *Medical Times*, for August, 1920, pointed out that they had frequently—

> Protested against the needless massacre of tonsils and suggested that operations should only be performed in cases of urgent necessity.

The *Medical Officer* asserted that "operations on tonsils are much too frequently performed in too much of a routine and devil-may-care manner," while Dr. Muecke, writing in the *Practitioner*, added these ominous words:—

> No operation is more generally badly done . . . no operation so light-heartedly and indiscriminately undertaken by anybody and everybody in the profession.

That is not all. Mr. C. A. Ridout, a practised surgeon, in language of weighty moderation, has pointed out that "these operations are still regarded too lightly." We cannot, we dare not, ignore these opinions. Nor ought the parents of the children concerned. And let them mark well, the operation is not all that has to be considered. More serious still is the question under what conditions it ought to be performed, for here we are confronted with a positive phalanx of medical experts—Sir William Milligan; Dr. Kynaston, the great protagonist of bloodless surgery in these matters; Mr. J. A. Gibb; Dr. P. Watson-Williams; Dr. Octavia Lewin, and Mr. C. E. S. Fleming—who insist that to remove tonsils or adenoids, and then to send the patient out into the cold air with a wound in his throat, is little less than criminal.

Slapdash Surgery.

As Mr. Tilley, the well-known throat expert, puts it, "Never would I consent to operate on a patient in my own house and send him home in a carriage"; while the *British Medical Journal* warns us that the patient should be admitted to hospital "*for at least 48 hours*"! Now, as regards these school operations to-day, no such safeguards are imposed. The operations are frequent. The L.C.C. has voted as much as £10,000 for them to be carried out in the schools—but with none of the safeguards which these experts insist are essential to recovery. Go to a school clinic on any of the "adenoid days." What do you find? The children are bundled out into the street almost as soon as their throats have been excoriated, spluttering and choking with blood, and half-paralyzed with fear—and, as we have seen, doctors say that they should be in an even temperature for two days! Is it any wonder that "the sequelæ are severe"; that septic poisoning, broncho-pneumonia and death follow these throat carvings, some of which do not deserve the name of "operation" at all? The whole method of conducting these operations, and the whole system of school medical inspection needs thorough and drastic revision. First of all, the consent of the parents should be obtained, and this ought not to be given till they have taken independent medical advice—which apparently was not done in the Tottenham case. It is no use talking of expense in this matter. If the L.C.C. is unwilling to incur the cost of safeguarding the child's life, then let it leave its throat alone. Once it becomes impossible to perform this most delicate and difficult operation on the cheap, it will be performed only when it is really necessary. And that is what we want. These wholesale removals of children's tonsils, these cutting out of growths that are thought to be adenoids, on the mere *ipse dixit* of some girl doctor, ought to be immediately stopped. The operation, if undertaken at all, should be done by a specialist—and under conditions that simply cannot be provided in a school clinic. In the case of the poor child at Tottenham, it is not even clear from the published account of the inquest that the boy was as much as watched after the throat carving had been carried out under a dangerous anæsthetic. According to the report in the local paper, Dr. Stalker said:—

> After the operation, the lad was removed to the recovery room adjoining and laid on a couch. Dr. Smythe and a nurse also were in attendance *for a while*. The witness left the room for a minute or two, and Dr. Smythe then noticed a change. . . . The heart and air passages were quite normal. The thymus gland was enlarged, and the condition, which could not be detected before the operation, was "status lymphaticus."

A Cruel System.

Note well the ominous words we have italicised. Note also that the conditions here indicated are utterly different, far removed, from those that the greatest living authorities warn us should never be absent from such cases. Unless those authorities are wrong, the L.C.C. is risking the lives and health daily of hundreds of children. Dr. Stalker gave it as her opinion that the child died from asphyxia brought on by convulsions. But in our view, it died a victim to the vicious, makeshift system that we have criticised. That system must be ended. Unnecessary throat operations must be made to stop, and the vivisectors in the schools brought to book. Let all who realise the tragedy of the case write at once to their representatives in Parliament and on the L.C.C. If this fails, there are other means.

SLOW—BUT NOT SURE.

PROCRASTINATING PUBLISHERS AND A BOOK.

As far back as February, 1920, Erskine Macdonald, Limited, of Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C., entered into an agreement with a correspondent to publish a book of verse, and received £50 by way of payment in advance of publication for 250 copies at 4s. each. In November, 1920, the author received the proofs of about a quarter of the manuscript, and duly corrected and returned them. Silence ensued until February, 1921, when, in answer to an enquiry as to the delay, the publishers stated that they were using a particularly "fine new type," but could not get more until another job was printed off. Another year passed, and the matter was then referred to us. We were assured that the book would be ready in about six weeks' time. That period has now elapsed, and there is still no sign of publication. We can only suggest that Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., should carry out the terms of their agreement and publish the work forthwith, or return the £50 which they took from the author.

LINCOLN AND GRAND NATIONAL.

WHERE A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

An affable gentleman, who uses note-paper bearing a shield with the motto "Verbum Sat. Sapienti," writes from Cedar Lodge, Lewes, Sussex, to a perfect stranger, starting off in this inviting fashion: "If I send to you money, and take you into my confidence, are you prepared to act honourably towards me?" He goes on to say that he has just returned from visits to "Newmarket, Foxhill, and other quarters, a stone's throw from 'Cedar Lodge,'" and has reason to know the stable from which the Lincoln and Grand National winners will spring. All he wishes his "Dear Sir" to do is to send him £1 for the information, and he will give him the names of the two horses and also enclose him money to invest, on the distinct understanding that his stake and winnings are returned to him less the £1 sent for the information. We would rather offer "W. Howard Marshall," as he signs himself, £1 to tell us the name of the miracle man who can "throw a stone" from Sussex into Cambridgeshire.

TOY TRADE TWISTERS.

CLIENTS WHO WAIT BUT DO NOT SEE.

J. D. Vernon & Co. possess a warehouse at 15, Market Street, Paddington, where they deal in toys and other fancy goods. On January 30th, a Luddenden trader sent an order for articles value 30s., enclosing Treasury Notes in a registered envelope. Nothing arrived. On December 2nd, 1921, a Millom (Cumberland) shopkeeper sent cash for sundries valued at £6 0s. 7d. In this case the goods are said to have gone astray in transit. No further articles have been forthcoming, nor has the cash been returned. On October 24th, 1921, a Weston-super-Mare man ordered toys to the value of 11s. 6d.; on November 8th he received only one thing ordered. He returned the article, but has had no refund of the money. On December 1st, 1921, an Abertillery woman sent 18s. 9d. for toys for a church bazaar. The parcel arrived after the bazaar was over, so she refused to accept it. But she has sought the return of her money in vain. It is quite obvious that Vernon's are not playing the game, unless it be the game of bluff.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! Delay may be serious. Accept our FREE offer on page 20 to-day.

SACRIFICING A GOOD SAMARITAN.

PERSECUTION OF EX-SOLDIERS' BENEFACTOR.

It may be difficult to believe that a man who has done all in his power to alleviate the lot of the ex-Service man, devoting the greater part of his time and energy, and no small amount of his private resources to their welfare, should be made the object of cruel persecution by a clique headed by some of those most indebted to him, but this is apparently what has been going on for some time past in the city of Bristol. Councillor A. Harrison is himself a discharged soldier. He left the Army in 1916 and became the first member of the local branch of the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers. Feeling the need for such an organisation, he practically financed it in its early days. From 1916 until recently he handled approximately 30,000 cases dealing with pensions, gratuities, and other matters affecting ex-Service men and their widows and dependents, in the majority of instances with the most successful results. From the commencement of his activities on behalf of old soldiers he encountered opposition on the part of a minority of Trade Unionists and Communists, headed by Mr. A. R. Terrell, a fellow-Councillor.

A DISGRACEFUL PROSECUTION.

This opposition culminated in a disgraceful prosecution of Mr. Harrison at the instance of Terrell, on charges of having misappropriated to his own use certain small sums received by him on behalf of the National Federation. There were three separate charges, in regard to the most important of which the prosecution offered no evidence, and the Court acquitted Mr. Harrison without a stain on his character and dismissed the other two summonses. It is perfectly plain that the money received was devoted to the purposes intended by the donors, and the only fault to be found, if any, is that there was some confusion in the system of keeping the accounts. We have examined very carefully the evidence on which these vile accusations were made, and can say without hesitation that we have rarely come across a prosecution based upon such flimsy foundations, or one which bore upon the face of it more clearly the imprint of jealous animosity and personal spitefulness. That a man who has sacrificed himself so whole-heartedly to the welfare of the ex-Service men in his district should have been subjected to the indignity of such a prosecution at the instigation of a clique of Communists is nothing short of an outrage.

SLING OUT THE MUD-SLINGERS!

Nevertheless, it is unfortunately only too true that if a man has an enmity against another, and can persuade a sufficiently noisy following into his views, he has only to sling sufficient mud for some of it to stick for a time, and this is precisely what has happened in the case of Mr. Harrison. He has reduced himself to a position of comparative poverty by his benefactions to the ex-Service men of Bristol. He cares little for his personal distress, but is deeply concerned to think that his work on behalf of his comrades should be hampered by this campaign of persecution against him. Had we the space to devote to the matter, we could show beyond a shadow of doubt that the very man who is the leader in this hostility is the one who, above any other, has reason to be grateful to Mr. Harrison, but we may leave it to our ex-Service readers in the Western port to judge by their records which is their truer friend. It is his firm and patriotic stand on behalf of ex-Service men that has earned Mr. Harrison enmity of those who despise the men who fought for the Flag. Such treatment in fact redounds to the honour of this helper of the ex-soldier, whom we have every reason to regard as a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity.

A BROBDINGNAGIAN BIBLE.

HECTOR ALEXANDER POWELL'S COLOSSUS.

With all due reverence for Holy Writ, we cannot help feeling that in these days, when anybody can buy a copy of the Scriptures for a shilling or less, no one but a lunatic would conceive the fantastic idea of constructing a manuscript Bible of such Brobdingnagian dimensions as 5 ft. 2 ins. high, 3 ft. 6 ins. wide, and 7 ft. 10 ins. across when opened, unless he had some shrewd notion of making money out of the scheme. This would appear to be the mental condition or the intention of the Rev. Hector Alexander Powell, M.A., of the Bible Crusade Headquarters, Notting Hill Gate, London, W. This strange parson, whose disputatious and quarrelsome proclivities appear to be well in keeping with his warlike pagan names, was formerly Vicar of Shirehampton, a living which he relinquished after a long controversy with the Bishop of Bristol. In 1917 he started, through the Bible Crusade, of which he is the self-elected Leader and Secretary, the compilation of "The Great Handwritten Bible." People were invited to transcribe three verses of scripture on a slip to be pasted in the book, and, of course, "some offering should be sent in every case, as the outgoings are necessarily very considerable." Twelve thousand contributors in all were required, but up till the end of last year less than half that number had been obtained, and Powell was appealing for £1,000 to prevent the discontinuance of the work. The intention was, if ever the book was completed, to mount it on a motor-car—also appealed for—so that the Rev. H. A. Powell might perambulate the country and expound its pages. We suggest that the scheme reflects little credit on the intelligence of its promoter or its participants. If Mr. Powell feels called upon to expound the Scriptures, there is nothing to prevent him setting forth on foot and holding Bible-classes on every village green. That would at least remove the impression that, having lost one living, he is endeavouring to make another by the methods of a penny showman.

FRIGID HEARTS AND FROZEN TOES.

CALLOUS NEGLECT OF AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

For coldness of heart and callousness it would be difficult to match Alfred and Mabel Hopcroft, judged by their conduct as revealed at an inquest, at Windsor, on a little girl of four, who died in the hospital there from frostbite. The child was the illegitimate daughter of the Hopcroft woman, and appears to have been delicate and sickly from birth. When she was admitted to the institution, it was found that her feet were in a terrible state from frostbite. Three toes on the right foot were black and gangrenous and the other two were in an early stage of gangrene, while two toes on the left foot were in a similar condition. In addition the baby had a black eye, and her thin little body was marked with extensive bruises. These were explained by the Hopcrofts as being due to the fact that she was continually falling about. One of the doctors expressed surprise that the poor mite was able to stand with her feet in such a state, which he thought should have been apparent to the mother at least two weeks before he saw her. The woman declared she first noticed something was wrong on February 9th, though she did not take the child to the hospital until the 14th. The only explanation of the frostbite she could put forward was that the little girl had a habit of sleeping with her feet out of bed. Neither of the doctors concerned had heard of such a case in their long experience. The Hopcrofts may indeed consider themselves fortunate to have escaped a charge of manslaughter.

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ROGUERY IN RACING.

GROSS TRICKERY WHICH SPOILS THE SPORT OF KINGS AND PEOPLE.

[The following is the first of a remarkable series of articles we shall publish from the pen of a racing expert, exposing and denouncing the various forms of trickery practised in connection with the Turf. The second article of the series, containing further sensational disclosures, will appear next week.]

IT is quite astonishing the number of people who still refuse to believe that racehorses are deliberately tampered with in order to make them win or lose a particular race, even though in doing so the horse completely "upsets the form book." A common impression is "such things are impossible nowadays—the supervision is too strict." Yet we have only to go back to last year to recall as sensational a scandal as ever disgraced the annals of the Turf. The Coat of Mail incident affords a striking example of the lengths of deception to which faking can be carried, for in this case the horse was not merely faked but another horse was actually substituted for it. Whether other equally audacious attempts to rob the bookies and the public have gone through without detection is a much argued point. But if the truth were known, the Coat of Mail coup was not an isolated case. There are so many different ways of "stopping" a horse that the practice is more or less simple to the expert. The late King Edward, who knew considerably more about the wiles of the racing trickster than is generally known, was once chatting with the great John Porter on the subject. "Well, John," said His Majesty, after listening to a long recitation of various methods of spoiling a horse's chances, "if you had a real Derby winner under your care and you wanted to bring him home at the tail end of the race, how would you do it?"

"Within the Law."

Mr. Porter, whose recent death is deplored by racing men the world over, was probably the greatest authority on racehorses of his time, and just to show how beautifully simple it would be to prevent even the finest horse of the year from winning a race he said: "Your Majesty, I think a wet cabbage an hour before the race would be quite sufficient and——quite within the law!" Porter, who was the soul of honour, joined in the King's laughter. Old racing men will recall the Running Rein Derby, when a four-year-old was substituted for a younger horse. But deception to this extreme would not be attempted by the modern trainer. His methods of faking are more subtle—and, be it said, more legitimate. Take the question of doping. Signs of it are frequently obvious to the Steward who knows his duty, but there are exceptions to every general rule. It is the object of people concerned to get a doped horse away out of the saddling enclosure with all possible speed, for the animal is doped only sufficiently to enable it to win or lose over the prescribed time. A deadly lassitude, profuse salivering, dilation of the eyeballs, or a lathering sweat, are the general signs of dope, and the horse must be hustled back to its stall before these effects become apparent. Dope is swift to take effect, and the connections of a doped horse are greatly perturbed if there is any appreciable delay at the post—for in that case it is more than likely that the stimulus will have worn off before the tapes go up. But if the race is run according to schedule and the horse is got out of sight quickly, the administration of dope will pass undetected.

"A Little Knowledge ——"

Horses require medicine almost as much as humans; but the wrong medicine at the right time amounts to nothing more or less than legitimate dope. It must not be imagined that any tyro can walk into a chemist's shop and obtain a packet of horse-dope—or, having obtained it, administer it successfully. The composition and strength of various dopes, to pass undetected, require real pharmaceutical knowledge, for horses can be doped either way—to win or to finish down the course, according to the requirements of the connections. Different tempered horses need different strength doses. Some assimilate it best in food; with others the hypodermic needle is the only sure way. Not many years ago a trainer, unversed in the precepts of Cocker, sought the knowledge of one of his contemporaries; but, although properly informed, he got his prescription so completely mixed up that a strong overdose of strychnine was the result—and the unfortunate animal, after miraculously winning the race at a tremendous pace, dropped dead in the saddling enclosure. Needless to add, the persons concerned have not been racing since. In all these fakes it is the punter who bears the brunt. He is unable to get into touch with the rumour and side-talk that is only to be heard on the course itself, and naturally he comes out very badly when a *coup* is successfully organised. For this reason, the average punter would welcome in the sporting Press some indication of the "plates" to be worn in every race by horses he is backing or following. Heavy steel plates "anchor" a horse so unduly that his performance on a soft course throws the punter's calculations completely out of gear. Later on, when the horse is given the lighter and more popular aluminium shoe, it wins with ease and the would-be backer kicks himself for having lost faith in it. In the Colonies, where the tracks are much harder than they are over here, it is the common custom to race horses entirely unshod. One of the neatest methods of stopping a horse is that apparently innocent trick of bandaging. This, even to regular racegoers, is almost an unknown method, but nevertheless practised. It is generally assumed that when a horse is bandaged it is done to support weak tendons or to lessen the effect of jarring. In the majority of cases it probably is so—the classic example of legitimate bandaging was seen in last year's Lincolnshire Handicap, when the appearance of Soranus in bandages quite failed to restore this horse to the position in the market he had occupied previous to the stoppage in his work, though there is no possible doubt that the bandages were necessary to his welfare. However, the presence of bandages should not always be accepted as a sheer necessity. It is an occasional practice on the part of unscrupulous trainers to prevent a horse from showing his best form by bandaging one fore-leg tighter than the other. This is most effective in making a horse gallop unevenly, or even making it "change step" frequently enough to ensure it finishing anywhere other than in the first three.

Working Up a Handicap.

This "faking to lose" is done solely with the object of lowering the horse's handicap, so that a coup with the animal may be exploited later on. In the case of jumpers the practice of bandaging is not maintained with an idea to assist infirmity or to encourage deception. Under National Hunt Rules most horses are bandaged to protect them at the jumps. This is another story, to which we may shortly return.

DOWN AGAIN!

SERIOUS SLUMP IN THE PRICE OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Manslaughter is becoming so cheap nowadays that very soon people will cease to take any interest in it at all. When Eric George Geater, of Faversham, pleaded guilty to this charge at the Kent Assizes, it transpired that he was employed in the motor trade as an engineer, and when a gentleman left his car in a yard, this budding motorist thought he would like to try it, and invited a friend to accompany him. Off they went gaily, and were careering down a hill at a speed which Counsel for the defence admitted might have been 35 miles an hour, when the car skidded and turned sideways, knocking down a young woman, fracturing her skull, and breaking her legs—injuries from which she subsequently died. Mr. Justice Coleridge declared that Geater had killed her just as much as if he had put a knife into her breast. So long as he sat on the Bench, such a crime deserved and would meet with condign punishment. He thereupon bound prisoner over to come up for judgment if called upon! Which, of course, means no punishment at all.

THE GRUESOME GOLLIWOG.

REVEREND MOTHER'S REMARKABLE MARE'S NEST

The Reverend Mother of the Order of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary is evidently, like Charley's Aunt, no ordinary woman. According to her, the degeneration of the present day is due to dolls. Lecturing to girls at the Northampton Town Hall last week, she declared that one of the most deadly evils at work in the world to-day is apparent in the toys given to children—"hideous golliwogs, horrible contortions of the human form, and hideous animals more like the works of the Evil One than like God's beautiful creations. This Christmas," continued the Reverend Mother, "I saw dolls in London which could only be described as vile, and I am perfectly convinced that they are part of the awful degradation of the world to-day. I will not describe them, because it would bring a blush to your cheeks and to mine, but if you are pure-minded girls your souls will recoil against these absolutely immoral toys." Dear us! And to think we walked round London all Christmas week, flattening our nose against the shop window panes, and never saw one of them!

DESPONDENT CLOUDS DISPELLED.

BRIGHT SUNSHINE OF A FIRST PRIZE "BULLET."

The clouds of despondency which usually accompany an attack of influenza had settled over the household of Mrs. Edith Chappell, of Ogmore Vale, last week, but they were quickly dispelled by the receipt of the news that her effort had won the first prize of £250 in "Bullets" Competition No. 439, and, in her own words, "bright sunshine has since prevailed." The secret of success in this instance would appear to be close co-operation between man and wife, for the winning line, "Next Door—Government official sends telegram," was evolved as a result of her husband's experience in the Army, when he became accustomed to receiving wires from offices a few yards away, and naturally formed a strong opinion regarding the ineptitude of the average Government Department. Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, whose harmonious efforts have been crowned with success, inform us that they always compile their own lines, the mental exercise involved being both beneficial and, certainly in this instance, highly profitable. So think hard, and see if *your* clouds won't roll away!

If your "dark cloud" has no "silver lining"—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

SIR GEORGE YOUNGER, Bart., M.P.

I AM going to ask you to consider for a few minutes this week the personality of the man who, far removed from all the limelight and remote from public adulation and applause, has been controlling our destiny behind the scene of public affairs since Mr. Asquith was driven from power.

This mysterious person is the master of Mr. Lloyd George—and, incidentally, at the moment, master of the nation's fortunes. He is a man of quite extraordinary influence. Some little time ago, various members in the Coalition Government wanted an end to the Coalition. The Man-Behind-the-Scenes threatened to withdraw from political life, and Cabinet Ministers fell over each other as they tumbled down the stairs of repentance, declaiming the fact that their one great wish in life was that the present Coalition Government might last for ever.

After discord, after disruption, after all the horrors of political civil war, suddenly there was peace. Mr. Lloyd George withdrew his threat of resignation, and went down to Wales to cure a cold. Mr. Winston Churchill ceased talking about "Cabin Boys," and made a public confession that, so far as his long and varied experience of such matters was concerned, the present Government was at least the best on which the sun had ever smiled. Even the Lord Chancellor suddenly cultivated a habit of putting a smooth edge on his tongue.

Other miracles in the way of somersaults took place all over the Government and in many high places. The great Coalition quarrel was patched up in the holy atmosphere of tears and repentance.

Who performed all these strange and marvellous miracles? Who changed the hearts of the stubborn "Die-hards" and the Co-Libs.," and poured the milk of human kindness into the breasts of exasperated Cabinet Ministers and Party wire-pullers?

It was Sir George Younger.

Of course, you all imagine a "man behind the scenes" as a sort of super-Mephistopheles, pulling strings and moving people about with a dark, inhuman, saturnine humour. Like most popular impressions, it is entirely wrong. Sir George is the absolute antithesis of the super-Mephistophelian tradition. He is, in appearance, life, habits and character, a typical country squire—one of the most genial and honest men whom I have ever met in or out of the House of Commons. Now, you ask, how is it that this fine, rather bluff type of British gentleman should in a way have become an arbiter of the nation's fates? I can assure you it was none of his seeking. The old Conservative Party, to which Sir George Younger has always belonged, has never had that love of electric and excitable super-men which has been manifested by our more emotional political Parties. The old Conservatives, with all their faults, relied upon a certain truth, simplicity, honesty and vigour in character when choosing officials for responsible positions. The Tories always choose a safe man. Who could be safer than Sir George Younger?

All his characteristics marked him down for preferment amongst the Conservatives from the moment he entered public life, and after a few years of Parliament the whole vast machinery of the Conservative Party was entrusted to his hands—the safest hands in the country.

Then the war, and all the changes that war brought about! Extraordinary revolutions in political sympathies and alliances! The Conservative Party, of which Sir George Younger now, remember, controls the machine, accepts office with Mr. Asquith and the Radicals, in order to carry the war on to a successful conclusion. Then Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe discover that Mr. Asquith—the man who mislaid the shells—is incapable of his great task. But as Mr. Asquith and his friends depart, they take with them all the funds and machinery of the Liberal Party. So Mr. Lloyd George, though he is Prime Minister, is left high and dry, without money or machinery—except those great resources which repose in the hands of Sir George Younger.

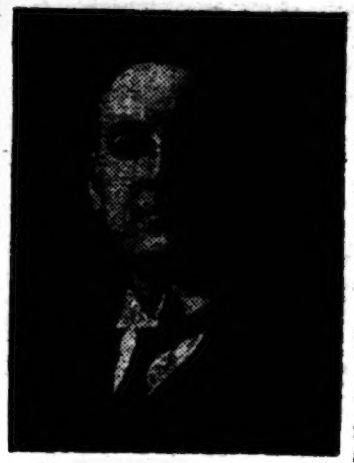
I think at the beginning of things, when the wily little Welsh wizard turned to Sir George for support, he thought he had the easiest task of his life. Surely the bluff Scottish brewer could be hypnotized into doing his bidding? But Mr. Lloyd George had the shock of his life.

Sir George Younger may have looked as smiling and genial as a new-born babe, but he proved to be a person of granite principles. He made his bargain with L. G., and placed the whole of the forces and resources of the Conservative Party at his disposal, on condition that certain fundamental, constitutional principles should not be violated. Having made his bargain, he went out and won the last General Election with the greatest majority which has ever been known in the history of British Parliaments. He endowed Mr. Lloyd George with a power such as no other British Prime Minister has ever possessed. But Mr. Lloyd George has not been happy in his great possessions. He has tried to thrust this way and that way, according to what he conceives to be the flow and tide of popular opinion. He has been stopped again and again by the bluff Scottish brewer, who can distrain upon all the Prime Minister's political riches to-morrow at a moment's notice if he so wishes—and yet Sir George has no love of power, of platforms or of perorations. He does not wish for honour, he dislikes to be photographed and paragraphed; he never pretended to be in love with the duties of public life. I am sure he would rather be back at Edinburgh Academy, or at work in George Younger and Son's brewery, than in his present position—but he will stay where he is until Mr. Lloyd George has shaped a definite course. He will stay and keep his hands on the powers of control for one reason only—a sense of duty. Then he will retire, and be happy in retirement. And with him he will carry the good wishes of all who believe in straightforwardness in political life.

HOW TO CURE WEAK NERVES.

Special interview with a famous Health Specialist which will interest all "John Bull" readers.

THE name of Mr. Thomas Inch is already familiar to readers of "John Bull," and on account of his long and successful experience as a Health Specialist the following is of special interest:—



The medical fraternity have been agreed for some time that the one trouble which has increased alarmingly is neurasthenia.

Mr. Inch led off by saying that there is hardly a household which has not been invaded by the scourge.

Not only returned soldiers, worn and broken by the long-drawn-out struggle, but also ordinary members of the public are equally affected.

He particularly laid stress on the fact that it is possible for a sufferer to be neurasthenic and not know it. Mr. Inch explained that, put plainly, neurasthenia means a generally run-down state. A man or woman may be neurasthenic for years and simply regard himself or herself as being below par.

Often there is a complete breakdown, described as a "nervous breakdown," and that is the first the sufferer knows of the fact that he or she has been under the ban of neurasthenia for years past.

Symptoms.

Asked how one can tell when nerve weakness exists, Mr. Inch explained that prominent symptoms of neurasthenia were inability to stay long at or enjoy an entertainment, fear of being in crowds or of travelling, self-consciousness and awkwardness in company, lassitude, lack of ambition, sleeplessness, worrying over trifles, depression without cause, brain fag, failing memory, irritability.

In Mr. Inch's opinion the worst cases are those of shell-shock. He is particularly proud of the fact that during his work at one of our largest military hospitals he was especially successful with the shell-shock cases entrusted to his care. This gave him tremendous confidence in his method of treatment.

The Cause.

Mr. Inch stated that the cause of nerve weakness is often over-work, over-study, worry or grief over some great loss, excess of any description, late hours, and lack of attention to hygienic living.

Many people are constitutionally predisposed to nerve weakness, but no matter how strong a man may be he will succumb if under wrong conditions.

One peculiar feature is that nerve sufferers often look particularly well, and thus they do not receive the sympathy or understanding they are entitled to.

The Cure.

Our next question was, naturally: "How can 'J.B.' readers cure themselves?"

Our readers will naturally hang on Mr. Inch's words, for he has dealt with 100,000 cases in twenty-five years with splendid success.

"First of all," said Mr. Inch, "endeavour to decide where you are wrong, what has brought on the weakness. Eradicate the trouble immediately, be firm-minded, no half-measures. If you smoke too much, give it up, and at once. If you indulge in too much alcohol, put your will-power to the test.

"See that you take holidays in your turn, and that they are health-giving; it is a mistaken policy to save on recreation and change.

"Regulate your hours of work and play, get plenty of rest and fresh air. Pay attention to your diet." "Bovril and milk" is the stand-by of many of Mr. Inch's patients. The great thing is to find out what suits you and stick to it.

Take a nerve tonic bath each day (lukewarm water or even cold water with a dash of mustard).

Mr. Inch issues an open invitation to all to write to him at Dept. B., York House, Putney, London, S.W.15, and enclose a 3d. stamp for his book, the last word on neurasthenia. All who do so, mentioning "John Bull," will receive a copy and diagnosis of the case, with history of Mr. Inch's career, entirely free.

Your Life and Home protected against Fire FREE. See page 20.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Rt. Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P.

DEAR MR. MONTAGU,—I do not want just now to discuss your Indianpolicy, but I suppose that, in the circumstances, you had no choice but to resign. The fact is, of course, that some of your well-meant democratic experiments in India have had disappointing results which were not foreseen—and if, as appears likely, there is to be a complete reversal of policy, it may be better for someone else to carry it out. For the rest, you are entitled to point out that when the Prime Minister reproves you for not taking the Cabinet into your confidence on a matter of high policy, it is a case of "the pot calling the kettle black." But then, you see, it would be awkward if there were two dictators in one Government, wouldn't it? JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-General Sir Hubert de la Poer Gough.

DEAR SIR HUBERT,—What funny chaps you soldiers are when you turn politicians! It seems only the other day that you were kicking up an awful dust at the Curragh Camp because you thought there was just a possibility that the Liberal Government of that day might be moving troops against Ulster. From this we naturally assumed that you could be nothing else in politics than a true and blue Tory. Yet now I find you addressing the electors of Chertsey as a Wee Free candidate, and if you find sufficient support we shall see you before long in the House of Commons at the right hand of Mr. Asquith. What a game, to be sure! JOHN BULL.

Miss J. Midgley, Hon. Secretary, Saffron Walden Branch of the White Ribbon Committee.

DEAR BIGOT,—I see you have been writing to the papers deploring the fact that your fellow townsmen and women broke up a Pumpuritan meeting at the Town Hall. But the published report shows that the Chairman refused to permit discussion and declined to allow a man present to ask an orderly question, though he was a British citizen and had fought in the war. On the other hand, your "star" speaker was described as "partly American, partly English and a Pacifist"!!! No wonder that, when genuine Englishmen and women were silenced, the audience broke up the meeting in disorder. What did you expect? If you have no idea of fair play, at least cultivate a sense of humour, and remember that Englishmen did not win the war to submit to being "bossed" by Yankee cranks. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—I sincerely hope that in your new Inquests Bill you have not failed to embody the abolition of the unpleasant, useless, and farcical legal obligation imposed upon Coroners and their juries of viewing the body. I have never been able to perceive that any purpose to the point is served by the present practice, for they cannot identify in death a body they did not know in life. It might be anybody else's body except the alleged body, as far as they can tell. Surely the identification evidence of doctors, relatives, or acquaintances is adequate for most inquests, and surely where not the Coroner may be allowed the option of using his own discretion? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. H. Coley, Branksome, Dorset.

REVEREND SIR,—You are one of the most illogical and inconsistent of men it has been my lot to encounter for many a long day. Lecturing to the Parish Fellowship the other night on "The Tyranny of Print," you decried reading matter, holding that people could not think for themselves, as they were led by what they read. How did you gain what little knowledge you have, pray, if not by reading? And how are people to think at all on the things that matter if they have no knowledge of what is happening in the world? And how are they to gain that knowledge if they don't read? And how—but I lose patience with you! Retire to a monastery. The world has moved forward several centuries beyond your mental development. JOHN BULL.

To Robert William Green, Thorne, Yorkshire.

GREEN,—Cases of wife-desertion by mean creatures of your type are, unhappily, too common to obtain more than a passing condemnation. But there are certain features of your offence which merit special reprobation. The unfortunate woman who bears your name lived with you and ministered to your selfish demands for thirty long years, and bore you children. Now, helpless at sixty-one, not merely worn-out and old, but with the awful infliction of blindness withal, you cast her off and tell a cock-and-bull story that she is not the woman you married! In the sense that she is merely the pitiable wreck of what she was thirty years ago, it is true. I am glad to see the Bench rightly assessed you, by committing you for three months in default of paying arrears of maintenance. JOHN BULL.

To Frederick Milburn, Bolsover, Derbyshire.

HARD-OF-HEART,—I should have thought that your own afflictions—you are a cripple who has to crawl about with the aid of two crutches—would have made you sympathetic regarding the sufferings of animals. When you were summoned at Chesterfield for permitting a mare to be worked in an unfit condition, it transpired that you had endeavoured to conceal an inflamed sore three inches long by smearing it with boot polish. You cannot plead ignorance of the animal's suffering, for your own son declared you told him it was not fit to work. You must consider yourself very fortunate to have got off with a fine of twenty-five shillings. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Herbert Jessell, Chairman, Municipal Reform Party, London County Council.

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—Permit me to offer my sincere congratulations to you and, through you, your Party, on the wise decision to which you have led them regarding the Evening Continuation Schools. Emphatically, it will be popular. On the one hand, public opinion would resent the wholesale closing down of these classes, but on the other, there is already simmering great resentment at the prosecution of parents who simply can't get boys and girls to attend them after a hard day's work. The Labour Party's proposal to pay the latter for attending was, of course, impudent and absurd, and the only alternative is to let the children go or not, as they please. Then we shall find out if there is any real demand for these facilities. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Father Higgins, Roman Catholic Church, Beaumaris, Anglesey.

DEAR FATHER HIGGINS,—You have the sincere thanks of all thinking men and women for your outspoken protest against the proposal to fix the public-house closing hours of Anglesey at 9 p.m. instead of 10. Your experience of men loading up with bottles at 8.55 to take home is too common to need emphasis. But you struck a shrewd blow at some of your fellow-clergy when you accused them of the double offence of forcing moderate drinkers to excess and, worse still, contaminating children by exposing them to witness these excesses and familiarising them with drinking in the home! Thus does blind prejudice create greater evils; and the hand of the fanatic scatters the seeds of the weed he would fain destroy. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The tug-of-war now starts anain,
Each party wants to bag the gain;
John Citizen they boldly flout—
They know that he is "down and out."

Lloyd George thinks of the tales of old—
Recalls the days when knights were bold;
Thinks of the mighty "Who-Have-Gone,"
And wonders how he carries on!

A lively corpse the Die-hards make—
They fancy much the Irish wake;
Let no tears fall upon their bier,
They're better far removed from here.

The Censor sternly draws the veil
To scotch the over-coloured tale;
Though without doubt things go awry,
They're not improved by lurid lie.

You may bless the day you wrote to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

George Duller's Excellent Record.

G. Duller (see sketch), who won a couple of hurdle races on Sirrah and Ballyhandy at the Cheltenham meeting, now holds a lead in the list of winning jockeys this season. Considering that Duller seldom rides in steeplechases, this is a very good performance indeed. He is a son of the well-known Epsom trainer and has enjoyed a fine career in the saddle, both under Jockey Club and National Hunt rules, during the past seventeen years. Although no really important success came his way on the flat, he has ridden many winners over hurdles. He is notable for a peculiar crouch he adopts when in the saddle—a style all his own, which is very effective. Duller was originally apprenticed to Mr. W. H. Schwind, and later became attached to his father's stable.

Twelve to Follow on the Flat.

With the Flat racing season due to begin at Lincoln on Monday next, the time is now ripe to give a dozen which I consider should be worth following during the season. I have not included any two-year-olds, as it is best to wait for a week or two to see how the youngsters shape in public, and in due course I will increase the appended list to fifteen. In the meantime look out for any of this dozen:—

Bucks	Lembach
Flamboyant	Linby
Hong Kong	Pharmacie
Hopeful Bachelor	Pogrom
Lord of Burghley	Polydipsia
Leighton	William Tell

We have still a few points in hand from the twelve "over the sticks," and as there are several good jumping meetings to be held, I suggest that they be followed up to the end of the month. Here they are: Chin Chin, Halberdier, Sir Huon, Front Line, Hopeful Bachelor, Southampton, Fragola, Milesius, Tuscan, Hairpin II, Norton and Vertigo.

Tommy Morgan's New Master.

That brilliant little lightweight apprentice, Tommy Morgan, who last season was attached to his father's stable at Epsom, has had his indentures transferred to F. C. Pratt, at Lambourn. He should be a great acquisition to his new master, as he can go to scale at 5 st. 9 lb. and is still entitled to the 5 lb. allowance. Morgan, by the way, is to ride Mr. J. W. Harvie's Quilp in the Lincolnshire Handicap.

4,000 Guinea Horse Wins £93.

Lord Glanely must have heaved a sigh of relief when his four-year-old Katerfelto won a hurdle race at Derby the other day, for the horse cost him 4,100 guineas in 1919 and had never before won a race of any description. For a son of the great Bayardo, Katerfelto is a poor advertisement for his sire, and although he has at last won a race, the success only brings in £93, which does not pay his hay and corn bill.

Nerves and the Man.

The French Davis Cup team has suffered grievously by the death of W. H. Laurentz, in many respects the superior of the lengthy A. H. Gobert. Laurentz was a thorough sportsman and a most likeable man. He had his apparently irritable moments on the courts, but his irritation was always against himself—not his opponent—and really a cloak for his nervousness. When he suffered badly from nerves, as he used to at times, his play was execrable; when he recovered he was brilliant.

Kid Lewis's Inconsistency.

Kid Lewis says he has personal reasons why he will not box Augie Ratner for a purse in public, but he will meet him in private for £1,000 a side. I don't quite follow Lewis in his reasoning, because if, as I believe, his objection is to someone other than Ratner getting financial benefit from the match, there seems to be no point in raising the side-stake from the original £100 to ten times that amount. Gymnasium fights do not cut much ice over here, and in my opinion Lewis ought to be ready to box Ratner in public or not at all—and say so like a man. I don't think people in this country care much one way or the other, but they are sick of long screeds in the newspapers from men whose fists should be too busy with the gloves to hold a pen.

Joe Beckett's Opportunity.

The biggest boxing contest this month will be that between Joe Beckett and George Cook at the Holland Park Rink, under the control of the N.S.C., on the 27th. I shall have more to say on this next week, on the eve of the bout, but the match looks to me like one of those rare affairs between heavyweights which go the distance. If it does, then Beckett should score the most points.

The Return of Billy Wells.

So Billy Wells (whose sketch I give), the physically perfect and temperamentally puzzling idol of the boxing public, is to come back. Few men of the present generation have promised so much and done so little as he, and have been forgiven. There is a fascination about the ex-Bombardier it is impossible to resist. I am told that his speculations on the Turf during his retirement have been fortunate, and I hope the luck will not desert him when he meets Albert Lloyd at the N.S.C. on April 24th. If ever two men were "made" for each other, in a boxing sense, these two are. And because both are boxers, therein lies Wells' greatest hope.

An Amateur Anomaly.

Duke Kahanamoku—Duke is his Christian name and not a title—has been declared a professional swimmer because he is promoting a picture syndicate to exploit financially his own marvellous prowess in the water. I do not disagree with the finding of the governing body, but if the Hawaiian had gone in for professional billiards instead of cinema performances, he would have been an amateur swimmer still. You see, billiards is not a sport—it is a parlour game!

Army Sport Goes Forward.

This week sees another advance made in the wonderful progress of sport in the Army, which every sane person has so fervently welcomed this last few years—one of the few heritages for which one can bless the cursed war. The Army athletic ground at Aldershot, like the Army sports ground at Leyton, is a visible sign of the broader and healthier outlook which characterises our modern military machine, from the smallest cog to the big wheels at Whitehall. The reconstructed ground at Aldershot is a very fine place and a credit to all concerned.

The Fly in the Ointment.

If the England rugby team against Scotland had included E. R. Gardner, the Navy forward, I think everyone would have been satisfied with the R.U. Selection Committee. Three new "caps" are in the team, J. A. Middleton (see the sketch), the Army back; I. J. Pitman, the famous Eton athlete and Oxford University three-quarter; and P. B. William-Powlett, the Navy forward. Neither of these three could well have been left out; Middleton gave such a brilliant display against the Navy that he walked into the International fifteen.

Ruthless, Unadulterated Force.

Notts County's defeat of the Villa at Aston in the fourth round of the F.A. Cup was not, I am glad to say, gained by any infringement of the spirit while sticking to the letter of the game, as was the case in their earlier successes in the competition—notably against West Bromwich Albion. My note of a fortnight ago on the County's tactics has drawn a confirmatory letter from a well-known Midland critic, who describes Notts football as "sheer unadulterated force, ruthlessly and unscrupulously exploited." It is not a little curious—and certainly it must be galling to Jesse Pennington—that the Albion's last three opportunities of lifting the Cup have been scotched by teams of the calibre of Barnsley and Notts County (twice). Defeat at Anfield and Stamford Bridge would have left comparatively little bitterness.

No Cause to Grumble.

Londoners have no cause of complaint because the two Semi-final ties of the F.A. Cup are being played in the provinces—at Sheffield and Burnley respectively. Of course it would have seemed an anomaly if both the Spurs and the Arsenal had got through the fourth round and had to travel to Hillsborough to settle their differences, but the final tie will be played this season at Stamford Bridge and next season and afterwards at Wembley. Thus the South is specially favoured, and I do not see how it can be otherwise.

A Mixed Bag.

G. Walsh, who recently returned from South Africa, will ride Sangot in the Lincolnshire.

Mr. Lovett experienced a rare stroke of bad luck at Derby, as he purchased The Wrekin for 230 guineas after he had won a race. Shortly afterwards the horse dropped dead.

Sunderland's team, which visited Tottenham on Saturday, cost them nearly as many thousands as were turned away from the Cup-tie at White Hart Lane two days earlier.

Because W. T. Tilden will not be coming to England this summer, he says the world's lawn tennis championship will really be determined in America. Everybody else believes it will be settled at Wimbledon.

Col. Paynter, who rode his own horse, Delirium, in the Hunters' 'Chase at Derby, will remember that race, as he mistook the number board for the winning-post, and Craganock beat him into second place.

LINCOLN AND NATIONAL DOUBLE

The Sporting Life

Get it every day - 2d.

THE SCANDAL OF PU

Politics and Jobbery—Neglecting the

By THE

NO ONE can fail to have been impressed by the glowing accounts in the newspapers of the installation of the Right Hon. Sir Gordon Hewart as Lord Chief Justice of England, and although perhaps this is one of the best appointments which is likely to be made on existing lines, I venture to offer one or two observations upon the manner in which we appoint people to judge and govern us in this free and happy land. For, truth to tell, we have the most amazing system in this respect that was ever invented. As I have said before, the most precious asset a man can have in British public life is what is commonly known as the gift of the gab, and if only he can talk long enough and loud enough and is not troubled with a too sensitive conscience to restrain the ardour of his speech, he is pretty certain, given a fair allowance of luck, to climb to one of the highest posts at the disposal of the Government. As a result, we have our Addisons and our Monds, our Chamberlains and our Churchills, our Curzons and Shortts, promoted to positions of the highest influence and authority, not so much on their merits as statesmen or lawyers as upon their cleverness and utility as Party politicians.

Trevethin and Hewart.

I hope I shall not be suspected of any personal hostility towards Sir Gordon Hewart—whose great abilities no one doubts, and whose rapid rise to fame is almost a romance, or of any disrespect for his great predecessor, Lord Reading—if I briefly recall one or two recent circumstances in connection with the highest permanent judicial office in the land. Like the office-boy in "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" who "cleaned the windows and swept the floor and polished up the handle on the big front door" with such assiduity that in due course he became "Ruler of the King's Navee," the Earl of Reading displayed such skill and acumen as Lord Chief Justice that one fine morning it occurred to the Prime Minister that it would be a capital thing to make him Viceroy of India. By long tradition, the reversion of the Lord Chief Justiceship belonged to His Majesty's Attorney-General, but, as it happened, the Government were in a tight corner, and Sir Gordon Hewart, one of their most resourceful debaters, could not be spared from the House of Commons. They, therefore, scanned the ranks of the puisne Judges, as they are called, for a man who would wear the robes of the Lord Chief Justice for a few months with suitable dignity and be trusted to give no trouble in the event of it becoming possible for the Attorney-General to take the coveted post. I have no particular sympathy with Lord Trevethin, who arrived at the Law Courts one morning to find that, unbeknown to himself, he had "resigned" his great office. That was all in the game, and judicial "warming-pans" must not expect to be made too great a fuss of. My point is that, from beginning to end of this sorry business, the interest of the public was the very last thing of which the Government appear to have thought. And it is always the same.

The Trail of Nepotism.

Remember, I am attacking the system—not the individuals who profit by it. It does seem to me a monstrous thing that, in a country which prides itself on its democracy, the highest political and judicial offices should be primarily not the reward of merit, but the prize-packets of politics. This evil taints the whole of our public life. In many directions it is true to say that, apart from the shady intrigues of politics, there is no career for talent. The highest governing posts in the service of the Crown throughout the world go, not to the trained administrators whose experience in times of crisis might be invaluable, but invariably to pushful and aspiring politicians. In the case of the great State Departments at home, which to a large extent have the chance to make or mar the lives of the people, long usage has decreed that none but politicians shall control their policy. Consequently we find a civilian invariably appointed to the supreme command of the War Office, while at present an irreproachable peer, wholly innocent of naval affairs, controls Lord Beatty at the Admiralty, and a total stranger to the mysteries of medicine is ensconced at the Ministry of Health. It is sometimes said that these Ministers do not actually control their Departments, and that in practice the permanent officials—who are mostly experts—are the people to be reckoned with. I am afraid, however, that this view of the matter is not borne out by the facts, and, in any case, it is hard to see why the overburdened taxpayer should be called upon to find £5,000 a year for men who are the mere figureheads of the great Government Offices. On the contrary, I am strongly inclined to urge that the time has come when the public, who are the chief sufferers through the present slipshod system of appointment to the highest posts in the land, should assert their authority and demand the introduction of a new system based upon the simple rule of "the best man for the job."

The Débris in the Path.

Look at the egregious failures of the past few years. Everything is forgiven to the politician. Whoever dreams in these days of reminding Mr. Winston Churchill of the ghastly fiasco of the Dardanelles? Why, bless my soul, since those black days he has been feted and honoured as though he were the greatest statesman who ever lived! And the same with Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, in spite of Mesopotamia and all the martyrdom it meant, has moved from one pinnacle of fame to another with unexampled ease. Occasionally the public demands a scapegoat, and we remember that when Dr. Addison—a mild and harmless medical gentleman who, for some inscrutable reason, had been chosen Minister of Reconstruction—was guilty of failure after failure in connection with the housing problem, an angry House of Commons called for his head on a charger. The opportunity was a fine one to enlist the services of a real housing expert who might have translated "re-

THE WEEK'S

THE AMER

"To try to catch this kind of bird
With such a trap is quite absurd;

UBLIC APPOINTMENTS

e Public Needs—A Network of Nepotism.

THE EDITOR.

construction" into terms of bricks and mortar, and so done something practical to redeem the lavish pledges the Government had given to the electors; but the only thing the Prime Minister could think of was to fall back upon Sir Alfred Mond, whose chief claim to distinction was that he had been a loyal and liberal supporter of the Coalition Government. In nearly every case the choice of a new Minister is a matter, not of weighing the qualifications of the respective candidates, but of wire-pulling and intrigue behind the political scenes. It is easy enough to sack a Montagu, and still easier to find another square peg for the round hole left vacant. True, an Empire is at stake; but never mind!

Cynical Levity.

I am at times aghast at the levity with which our rulers shoulder the "white man's burden." I do not know whether by the time these lines appear Lord Reading will have resigned the Indian Viceroyalty, but I am as certain as I am of anything that it ought never to have been entrusted to him. The situation called for a man of vast administrative experience, with a close and intimate knowledge of the many-sided problems of Indian Government, and there was nothing in the whole of Lord Reading's brilliant career to mark him out for the post. It was simply that he was a supremely successful politician, a friend and confidant of the Prime Minister, and, if you like, a disappointed candidate for the Lord Chancellorship. Upon such considerations in this age of democracy does the fate of Empires depend! Look again at the appointment of Sir Herbert Samuel as High Commissioner of Palestine. I am as free as any man from racial prejudice; but in view of the delicate situation existing between the Jews and Arabs in the Holy Land, it was surely the height of folly to appoint a member of one of these races—and a strong Zionist at that—to a position in which the least trace of partisanship must be fatal to success. Allowing for the Arab hatred of the Jew, it was as though Lord Carson had been made Viceroy of Southern Ireland, or Mr. Michael Collins Governor-General of Ulster. I will say no more than that such arrant stupidity—unless it is checked by the strong force of public opinion—will, sooner or later, lose us the Empire that the bravest sons of Britain died to ransom. Our pro-Consuls abroad should be chosen, not because of the shady claims of politics, but rather on account of those sterling virtues of brain and heart which once made our name respected in every corner of the earth. Always and everywhere the same principle should apply—the best man for the job, and politics be damned!

A Sinister Prospect.

Coming back home, I protest once again with all my strength against the appointment of men to Judgeships for purely political reasons. It is pretty certain that before very long our present hard-hearted Home Secretary, Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., will be elevated to the Judicial Bench, and I want to say now with deliberate emphasis that I know of no man at the Bar of England to-day who is less fitted for a Judgeship. Until he was pitchforked into celebrity a few years ago by his appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland nobody had ever heard of him, and neither his practice at the Bar—such as it was—nor his record as Home Secretary affords the least justification for his promotion to the Bench. But he will get there, without a doubt—more's the scandal. In the higher Civil Service, too, there has lately been a perfect avalanche of corruption. I have not forgotten the way in which Sir Basil Thomson was jockeyed out of the Criminal Investigation Department for reasons not respectable enough to be stated publicly but well within the knowledge of most of his friends. The bitter truth is, Sir Basil did not even know he had "resigned" until his successor walked into the office ready to take up the reins. Such discourtesy to an eminent public servant is perhaps not altogether surprising in a Prime Minister who, upon a famous occasion, sent Mr. Arthur Henderson out to Russia with the authority in his pocket to sack our distinguished Ambassador at Petrograd, Sir George Buchanan, if he thought fit, when he got there. But what I am more concerned about than the dignity of individuals is the interest of the great public, and I say deliberately that under the present system this is shamefully and consistently ignored. The highest posts in the public service are simply the plums of politics, the perquisites of the friends of Cabinet Ministers, instead of what they ought to be—the meet rewards of loyal and honourable service to the State. It is intolerable. Is the voice of protest never to be heard?

The Outlook.

So far, I can see little sign of improvement. We are still appointing our Judges on the same principle as we did when we jumped Mr. Horridge up to the Bench for no earthly reason beyond the fact that he had had the good luck to beat Mr. Balfour in an electoral contest in East Manchester. The Post Office is too often regarded as a haven of refuge for mediocrity, with results that every business man has good reason to resent. It is uncertain, as I write, who will be the new Secretary of State for India, but it may be wagered with safety that a knowledge of Indian affairs will be the least conspicuous of his qualifications. The remedy is for Parliament to wake up to its responsibilities and jealously scrutinise the credentials of every individual nominated for important public positions. Perhaps there are too many "placemen," actual or potential, for this to be a very encouraging prospect, and in that case I can only urge the electors, when they get the chance, to vote for candidates who will have enough manliness and independence to snap their fingers at the Whips and do their duty by their constituents. "God, how rare men are!" exclaimed Napoleon. But they are, perhaps, not so rare as we think, if only we distinguished between real merit and its showy counterfeit. Then we should see

CARTOON.

RICAN EAGLE:
**They must think I'm a feathered 'flat'
To walk into a thing like that."**

THE NIGHT CLUB IN PORTLAND PLACE.

GAMBLING HELL PROPRIETOR ESCAPES WHILE TITLED LADY FACES THE MUSIC.

LAST Friday, at the London Sessions, one David Falck, convicted on January 31st, at Marlborough Street, of keeping and managing a "common gaming house" and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, failed to appear when his appeal was to come on for hearing, and in the cold, terse language of the Law, "the surety's recognisances were estreated." And thereby hangs a sorry and sordid story of an unscrupulous scoundrel, a beautiful adventuress, a poor deluded and now ruined lady of title, and a foolish, spoilt, unbalanced young man—who, if he is fated to live, will duly succeed to a title—and who was a mere puppet in the hands of David Falck and his female accomplice.

Misusing an Earl's Mansion.

This man Falck, who during the war served as a private in one of the Guards' Regiments and acquired a certain veneer, has borne an unsavoury reputation, has been many times convicted, and has been known to Scotland Yard for some time as a man who contrived to make himself agreeable to young fellows with more money than brains, using them for his nefarious purposes. He succeeded in getting himself elected a member of a West-End Club affected by public-school men, and by dint of an assumed generosity, an affable manner, and flattering the pigeons who asked only to be taken in and plucked, was looked upon as a "sportsman," ready for any reckless adventure. Moreover, he was prepared to bet on anything, and to gamble as a "sportsman" should! One of his dupes, who thought himself a man of the world, introduced this bright particular star and his wife into his family circle—and his doting mother, a lady of title, believed all the eulogies which he showered upon his friend David Falck. Before long the leaven began to work. The female accomplice made it her particular business to win the confidence of the young daughter of the house and the son, whose extravagance had already made serious inroads into his mother's by no means limitless resources, and induced her to advance money to Falck, which he used to finance his aristocratic gambling hell. The mother—a charming and delightful hostess, but totally unacquainted with the ways of this wicked world—little knew what a hornets' nest was to be brought about her ears. So aristocratic was it that it was alleged high officials in Scotland Yard were in secret partnership, and had put up money. Anyone sceptical was given a lot of circumstantial detail. These "high officials"—names were even bandied about—were understood to be protecting Falck, and if a raid were determined upon for the sake of appearances, full warning would be issued in advance. Falck indeed laid his plans with skill. By false pretences he acquired Lord Galway's furnished mansion in Portland Place and started out in business. His various friends, who earned commissions for suitable introductions, brought along men and women to the splendid house.

Dupes and Decoys.

A solemn butler answered the bell, and if the callers were habitués and passed his censorious eye, they were admitted, to find themselves in a fine square hall. A big log fire blazed in a brick fireplace; wide, carpeted stairs curved gracefully out of sight, and at their foot stood an effigy in armour, while opposite a grandfather clock ticked off the seconds with dignified and meticulous accuracy. The atmosphere inspired confidence. As the guests were relieved of their hats and coats, a young man in immaculate evening dress, smoking a cigarette, appeared. He was the titled dupe's son. He led the way to the sanctum with much ritual; after many tortuous turnings and passing through two iron doors, visitors reached an oblong apartment with a high arched ceiling, the walls hung with family portraits in oils. In the centre of this room, around a green table, sat a dozen or so gamblers—some in evening dress, some not—with eyes riveted upon the table, where a beautiful woman croupier raked in the shekels. The guests in this lordly establishment were lavishly primed with drink, which was to be had for the asking. But, as we have indicated, the gambling den was concealed from the eyes of the profane and reached only by devious ways. Otherwise, the Earl's mansion looked innocent enough. Upstairs, a dance took place almost nightly, and all the "nice people"—used to dress the shop window—were freely invited to come and enjoy themselves. A good floor, excellent music, and plenty to eat and drink proved an attraction to many young people of the world of Mayfair, quite unconscious that they were mere decoys.

The Duty of the Police.

The house was raided, and the lady of title, trembling for the reputation of her son, was easily induced to stand bail for Falck. He duly appeared, was convicted, and appealed. Again the lady stood as surety; and now this unspeakably mean ruffian, having duped her son, has broken his bail and left the lady to sell up the last possessions of her family in order to meet the demands of the law. Those who sup with the Devil need a long spoon, and the poor titled victim now realises, too late, that casual acquaintances, accepted at their own valuation are not always what they seem. Falck and his female accomplice—who has fled with him—are believed to be at present in France, *and it is the manifest duty of the police to demand his extradition and prosecute him with the utmost rigour of the law.* After all, though the world is full of fools, they should be protected against such harpies.

HOSPITAL HOLY OF HOLIES.

RED TAPE ROUND A RED CROSS AMBULANCE.

The Chelmsford hospital is happy in the almost unique position of being free from financial care. Yet an astounding story of exclusiveness and red-tape regulations was told last week, at an inquest held on a man who died in the institution as a result of self-inflicted wounds. Early in the afternoon, he was discovered lying in a shed at the top of his garden. The two doctors who were quickly in attendance sent his son to the hospital to fetch the ambulance. His knock was at first answered by a very small girl, who called another a little bigger than herself. She in turn summoned one of the nurses, who told him he would have to go to Colonel Coleman, the County Secretary of the Essex Branch of the Red Cross Society. She telephoned to this officer, but was unable to obtain a reply. Though the ambulance was standing on the hospital premises, the distressed son was unable to get it, and had ultimately to go to the police station and obtain the ambulance there in order to remove his father to the hospital. The man was received there in a critical condition just before three o'clock. There was no doctor on duty at the time, and none was summoned—as a surgeon was expected an hour later. The doctors who attended the man in the first instance were unable to perform any operation because, to use the words of one of them at the inquest, "This is the Holy of Holies, and only the High Priests thereof can come here." It is about time the Chelmsford Hospital regulations were revised in the interests of humanity.

OUSTING THE ALIENS.

ITALIAN LABOUR AND STREET SURFACE REPAIRS.

Many British workmen who are unemployed, and forced to choose between starvation and acceptance of the humiliating "dole," view with indignation the number of Italians at present engaged in renewing the asphalte surface of London streets. While this employment of a certain amount of foreign labour is indisputable, it nevertheless represents only a partial survival of a system which is rapidly being brought to an end. A few years ago the patentees of the "powder and hot-roller" system were an Italian firm, who not only possessed a practical monopoly but were obliged to import Italian labourers, as British men were unable to stand the intense heat of the process. Now, however, several alternative and equally satisfactory processes have been discovered and perfected, which can well be operated by British workmen—the result being that to-day the number of foreigners engaged in such work is only about 20 per cent. of the whole, and is steadily diminishing; most of the contracts are secured by British firms, who employ only British labour—which is as it should be! It would be well, however, if our Government and municipal authorities would follow the excellent example of those in South Africa, where every contract contains a stipulation that by preference only British subjects shall be employed on public works, and if they would also abandon the pernicious plan so often practised of placing important engineering and other contracts abroad. Patriotism is, after all, something more than a mere ideal.

WATCH OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

There is always something "worth while" in John Bull's advertisement pages. The fact that every announcement is guaranteed (see page 17) eliminates all risk in buying the articles advertised.

Here are a few things to be found in this week's issue:—

The Great Sportsman.—Messrs. Barry & Co. continue their offer of made-to-measure clothes. We may add that this well-known firm has lately issued an interesting "Carpentier" souvenir, showing the famous boxer in his complete Barry outfit. Readers should ask for a copy when writing for patterns, etc.

Health.—Thomas Inch is one of the greatest exponents of the art of keeping fit. Readers will do well to study his announcements.

Boots and Underwear.—Bolsom Brothers are again offering a surplus stock of British Government woollen underwear, and also make a final offer of South African field boots.

For Ladies.—A. Ryder & Co., Ltd., sell ladies' costumes on terms to suit all.

The "Red Boy."—Nestlé's Milk is too well known to need special mention here. We are informed that the proprietors (Messrs. Nestlé's, 75, Arthur Street, E.C.4) will send free to any reader of John Bull who applies, enclosing 3d. to cover postage and packing, a beautiful reproduction in colours of their famous poster, the "Red Boy," size 30 in. by 20 in.

And Others.—Many other interesting announcements appear in this issue. Some useful information can be found in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page 13.

Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums? Accept our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

8/- per line. *Minimum 3 lines.*

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

GLOVE LEATHER, sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

PEACH'S CURTAINS.—Send for Catalogue. Nottingham Net Curtains, Colornets, Fabrics, Cretonnes, Linens, Hosiery.—Peach & Sons, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

STAMMERING.—New discovery, guaranteed by Educationists. Class arranged Sat. afternoons for stammerers of limited means; distance cases by correspondence. Appointments by letter only.—Mr. Miall, 6, Norris Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30s.; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lavaine (Dpt. J.B.), 145, Hounsditch, London.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE."—This short message will secure for you a book that is a veritable Cycle Emporium—as interesting as your favourite book. "Captain" Cycles at staggering prices! Tyres! the value of which has "windest" many a firm. Brimful of bargains. Thousands of Cycle Accessories. Nothing overlooked to cut down unreasonable cycling expenses. Fitzpatrick Catalogue—a mighty fine production.—Just address, 11, Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CHEAP PRINTING. — Billheads from 6/6. 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 11/-. Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxton, Sussex.

£300, £400, £500 salary for Certified Bookkeepers; postal tuition, 5s. monthly; success guaranteed two exams.; prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1753D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-Skilled men for flying and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including riggers, motor drivers, hospital orderlies, armourers, etc. Ages 18 to 50 ex-Servicemen, and 18 to 26 civilians. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children. For particulars write, stating age, or call, R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or 498, Bath Street, Glasgow, or Crown Buildings, James Watt Street, Birmingham.

£40 WILL start you as a Motor Jobmaster, with a dependable 15-h.p. Charron Private Hire Landaulette, irreproachable appearance and condition, becoming your own property in one year. Instalments £10 only monthly.—Starford Company, Ltd., 5, New Burlington Place, Regent Street, London, W.

LEARN the Mail Order Business and be your own master, £5 capital can make £500 a year. Write for partics., Dept. M.L.32, Shaw Institute, 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

COSTUME and Suiting Cloths, Serges, Tweeds, Gabardines, from 5/- per yd. State Costumes or Suitings required. Patts. free.—Worsted Mfg. Co (A.), 81, Exchange, Huddersfield.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in English employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supplies of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Ltd., Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

MARKS, Francs, Lire, Kronen, etc. How dealings are arranged. Send 2d. to Dept. D.14, London County Trust, 56, Moorgate, London.

LEATHER.—A whole side of our noted Tannage for 20/-. Smaller samples, enough for 6 Men's or 8 Ladies' Soles, Extra Stout, 8/-; Stout 4/-; Medium 3/6. All post free. Money returned if not satisfied.—Williams and Co. Dept. J.B.), The Yard, Merthyr.

VIOLIN, BOW AND CASE, 35/-. Exceptional value. Unobtainable elsewhere. Catalogue for P.C.—Willmott, 259, Caledonian Road, N.1.

TIMBER.—Quartering, Matching, Floorboards, Weatherboards any quantity cut customers lengths. Lowest prices in trade. Lists free.—Derbyshire Timber Co., 41, Markeaton Street, Derby.

Georges Carpentier

(The Famous Boxer)

AND THE

BARRY SERVICE

Photo by Personality Photo Press
CARPENTIER in the D.B. REEFER SUIT we made for him.

Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED BLUE SERGE SUIT.

WE recently had the privilege of fitting Georges Carpentier with a complete outfit of clothing. We show two of the suits thus made. Carpentier, as the world knows, is an athlete, a lithe, supple figure; a young sapling with the sturdiness of the oak. It required a deep inside knowledge of the tailoring art to produce the results here shown.

YOU MAY HAVE EQUALLY WELL FITTING CLOTHES AS CARPENTIER THROUGH THE BARRY SERVICE

AND AT ONE-HALF THE COST FOR EQUAL QUALITY TAILORING ELSEWHERE.

Patterns Free of BARRY SPECIALITIES ALL TO MEASURE

The only big firm of mail-order tailors doing positively no ready-made suit or overcoat trade.

£6 : 6 : 0
ALL-WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
Certified All-wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The cure guarantee.
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

£3 : 3 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1 : 10 : 0

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our clients.

£12 : 12 : 0
BOND STREET DRESS SUIT for
£6 : 6 : 0
The Perfection of Evening Dress Wear.

FIT, FINISH & WORKMANSHIP ARE EVER PARAMOUNT CONSIDERATIONS WITH US

FREE SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS OF ALL THESE WONDERFUL VALUES

THE SILENT TAILOR

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.

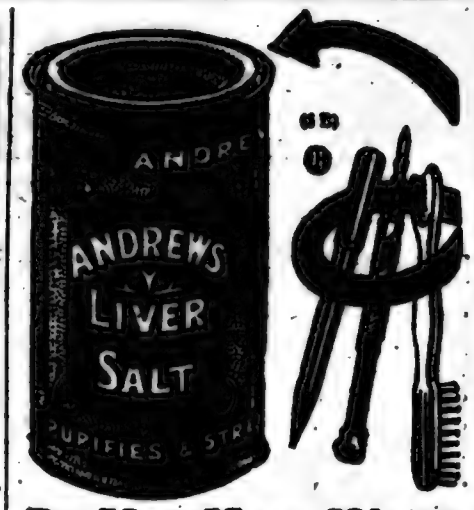
YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS —and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. **WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.**

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO., Exclusive Measure Tailors

(J.B.) 16, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)



Do You Keep Well?

Andrews' is an effective, *pleasant-to-take* aid to keeping well. It cleanses internally and enables the human mechanism to function to full effect. . . . . Take, *or give*, a teaspoonful in a glass of water whenever Life's little Ills come along. . . . . Don't be afraid to give it to the Children. They love the pleasant sparkle and Andrews' does them naught but good. Be careful to get the *genuine*; not all Salines that *look like* Andrews' have the Andrews' efficacy.

10d. *USUAL (4-oz.) SIZE.* *FAMILY (8-oz.) SIZE* **1/5**

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to
SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE.

Save Andrews' Lids for useful Free Gifts

Up to April 29th you can exchange, *free of any cost*, Lids from 12 small or 6 large Andrews' Tins for a Stylo Fountain Pen, a Nickel-plated Pencil Case complete with re-fills, or for the Andrews' *combined* Tooth Brush, Scoop Measure, Lid-opener, etc.

These Andrews' Free Gifts are of superior character. Send your Tin Lids along by April 29th, saying *which* Gift you want. Write distinctly, giving full name and address, and send your letter to Messrs. Scott & Turner, Ltd., Gallowgate, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD
The Graves Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer that has ever been made.

DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

7/6 with order

The KNIVES are of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel with beautifully grained Ivorette handles. Carver Blade of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel 9in. long, curved. **Forks & Spoons** are Columbian Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver. White all through. Lasts a lifetime.

Service Comprises:
1 pr Carvers, 2 Table Spns, 6 Tea Knvs, 1 Jam Spoon, 6 Table Frks, 1 Salt Spoon, 6 Dessert Knvs, 1 Sugar Spn, 6 Dessert Frks, 1 pr Sugr Tgs, 6 Dsrt Spns. Price 90/- 6 Tea Spns without case, 6 Egg Spns.

CATALOGUE of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (Stainless Specialities &c.) Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

*OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*JOHN BULL, *19th August*, 1916.

The Pram Pushers:—We are not particularly struck with the new vocation for ex-Service men which an evening paper has discovered—taking other people's babies out for an airing in the pram. It is not a man's job, unless he is himself the proud father. Yet it shows a fine confidence on the part of the parents. If they will trust ex-Service men with their babies they would trust them with anything. But Tommy and Jack were always kind to kiddies.

Keeping the Cash:—While in the Army Signaller L. Jordan, of the 152nd Brigade R.F.A., subscribed small sum for War Savings certificates, under a scheme officially organised in the battery. He paid in all 30s. 6d.—6d. short of the cost (15s. 6d. each) of two certificates. On October 8th, 1919, Captain E. J. Barrett, then stationed with the battery at Ripon, wrote to Jordan to forward his subscription book and certificate book "to enable me to settle up your savings account." This Jordan did.

Mystery of the Money:—Hearing nothing further, he wrote to the Regimental Paymaster at Woolwich. In reply, dated 22nd September, 1920, he was told that his account had not been credited with the money subscribed, and referred him to his late O.C. That gentleman subsequently wrote that, being demobilised, he could not assist, but would refer Jordan's letter to Records—who ever since have been as mum as mutton. Jordan can do with the cash, and wants to know in whose pocket it is entitled to be if not in his own. Somebody at the War Office must see that this man has his due.

The Economic Kick:—The method of kicking out disabled ex-Service men from the Infantry Records Office in Exeter has naturally caused a great deal of heartburn. Many have been officially classified as "below average," as a plausible excuse for getting rid of them in the interests of men whose claim to continued employment is less than their own. Some who have only home service to their credit, some who are even in private business, are being retained while others, disabled by fighting abroad, have received the Order of the Boot. Surely this sort of preference is glaringly unfair.

"Pin-Money Ladies":—We cordially approve of the resolution unanimously adopted by the Sussex County Council of the British Legion that all candidates for public bodies be asked whether they are in favour of women and girls being employed unless they have served in one of the recognised Women's Auxiliary Corps or were dependents of those who had died in the service of the country. There are a great deal too many "pin-money ladies" keeping men out of jobs. Give Tommy and Jack a chance.

Double Duty on Tommy's Tobacco!—Last year the Government of India increased the duty on imported cigarettes to 75 per cent. *ad valorem*, which falls most heavily on our Tommies stationed out there—especially when levied, as it is, on parcels sent them as presents from home, which are thus doubly taxed, as the senders had already paid our own extortionate dues. Mothers and sweethearts are hereby advised not to forward any more "fags" to their boys in India, but to send them money orders instead.

Musselboro's Meritorious Method:—Far better than mere advice, or amiable suggestions to give first chance to returned fighters, is the method of the Unemployment Grants Committee, which promised a Government grant in aid of Musselboro's new drainage system. But definite conditions were appended to this assistance, and it is up to local opinion to see them fulfilled. The work must be actively commenced by March 31st, and preference shall be given to ex-Service men, though 25 per cent. of married men who did not serve may be employed.

Physician, Heal Thyself!—"There are as many fools in the world as ever, and when ex-soldiers investing their money in the purchase of businesses come to grief, it is often as much their own fault as the roguery of the seller." Thus spake Judge Scully at Marylebone County Court. It is true that four years' endurance in the trenches is not an ideal preparation for competing with rogues. But that an ex-soldier is willing to give an apparently square deal a trial and back it with his own money is something which is not nearly as foolish as some judicial comments.

An Earth Tremor:—It must have been a violent brain-wave of a departmental Rip Van Winkle which has resulted in the change of name of the troops in Turkey. Originally they were known as "the Army of the Black Sea." Then they became "the British Army in Constantinople." Now, by order, they are to be termed "the British Corps of Occupation, Constantinople." What will they be next? But, after all, those expensive limpets who earn their money by idiotic alterations of designations must live—though the tax-payer starves.

A Poser:—The Irish Guards are a splendid lot of fellows. But, we ask, why are they being sent out to Turkey? The list of names of units during trooping season, 1921-22, makes no mention of the battalion, which appears to have been included on the roster as an afterthought. We remember the selling of machine guns and other implements by the regiment to the Sinn Feiners. Can there be any other reason for the exiling of the battalion, whose loyalty we have no reason to doubt?

Passing Mean:—The Government have allowed the soldiers in India 6½d. a day messing allowance—money with which to buy food. But, having given with the right hand, they take it back with the left. The grant is subject to income tax, and the acceptance of it leaves many warrant and N.C.O.s in the financial lurch. Heads I win, tails you lose! But, as we have said before, the Treasury would steal the pennies off the eyes of a corpse.

"Got the Needle":—A man of the Norfolks, in Mesopotamia, complains that he was inoculated against all kinds of fevers—and got them. Now he has been ordered to turn himself into a human pin-cushion against the same fevers, and he has bucked, with the result that he has been confined to barracks, barred from all sports, and ordered not to enter the canteen or regimental institutes. Inoculation is not compulsory in the army; but if a man refuses it, heaven help him!

Pensions:—Axe or no axe, hands off the pensions of the soldiers and their dependents! Economy, by all means; but there are hundreds of ways of curtailing expenses, and every single one of them should be utilised to the utmost ere we seek to rob the fighting-man, living or dead, of his due. What about the civil pensions? There is something worth chopping at there. Mr. Ian Macpherson, speaking at Edinburgh, said that even war pensions could not be guaranteed if the country was threatened with bankruptcy. This talk of bankruptcy is nonsense. There is enough money for legitimate purposes if only the Government were wise and courageous. To pay the soldier's pension is a solemn national duty.

Something Accomplished:—We had a grave grievance remedied for the 11th Hussars at Meerut, and have received an enthusiastic letter of thanks from the corps. Among other things, it says: "Already a revised list of prices has been issued from the tailor's shop, and we think this will be followed by reductions in the other regimental institutes. You can bet there was a rush for JOHN BULL when the great news was announced. On behalf of the N.C.O.s and men, we thank you." Delighted to hear it. JOHN BULL is always out to remedy the grievances of Tommy and Jack.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From V.R.C., New Sawley—"I am in receipt of your letter, and beg to thank you for your kindly interest. I do not know if this constitutes a record in moving the authorities, but I have received a communication from the Ministry—stating that my disability has been assessed at 40 per cent.—ten days after I wrote to you."

Your Easter Gift from "JOHN BULL."

For full particulars see page iv.

Are you in trouble? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

Any doctor will tell you

that Toffee made from pure ingredients has a high food value—but it must be pure.

To ensure quality and goodness ask always for

MACKINTOSH'S
Toffee-de-Luxe
made in delicious variety.

Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe has the Largest Sale in the World.

Sold loose by weight at 8d. per lb.; and in "Baby" Tins 1/3 each; "Tall" Tins 1/3 and 2/6 each; and 4-lb. "Family" Tins.

THE CHEAPEST WATCH IN THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURER'S STOCK. 25/- Watches for only 7/6.
GUARANTEED GENUINE NICKEL SILVER LEVER WATCHES.

Read the Description of this magnificent Watch.

7/6 ONLY

18 months ago you could not buy this watch at all. 12 months ago it might have cost anything up to 35/-, and to-day a similar watch is being advertised at 25/- **OUR PRICE IS ONLY 7/6** because we have been fortunate enough to secure the balance of a manufacturer's stock at slump prices.

Gent's full size Keyless lever, bold clear dial and figures, Stout Nickel Silver Case, absolutely dust and damp proof, high quality accurately adjusted and timed lever action, exactly as illustrated, and are guaranteed to be perfect timekeepers. Fully warranted for 5 years. Only 1,500 now left. DON'T DELAY. BE ONE OF THE LUCKY 1,500. Just send P.O. 7s. 6d. (or 10/- note, when splendid Albert worth 5/- will be included), and the Watch will be sent you Post Free by return. Don't delay! Send for one of these fine Watches at once. Money returned in full if not satisfied and the Watch is returned within seven days.

THE FARRINGDON SUPPLY CO. (Desk 7a), 295, Sandycombe Road, Richmond, London, S.W.

GRAVES
WORLD'S BEST CYCLES

reach the highest point of all-round excellence. The finest cycle value on offer. Light, graceful, and easy running. Warranted for 10 years.

15/- WITH ORDER

DELIVERED carriage paid to all approved orders for 15/- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 15/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

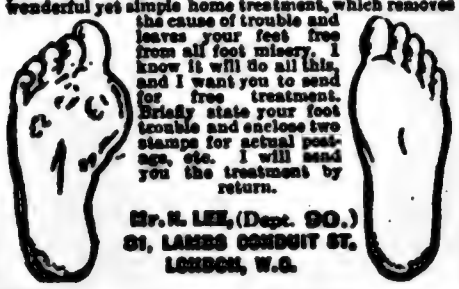
SPECIFICATION: Reynolds' Weldless Steel Tubing, Roller Lever Brakes, Slim Wheels, Genuine Clincher A-Wear Tyres, Brampton's Sheffield Steel Hubs, B.S.A. or Villiers Frictionless Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Coventry Three Spiral Chain, Hoffmann's Steel Balls, Spiral Spring Hammock Cradle Saddle. Price £5:15:0

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Graves World's Best Cycles, including three-speed gear Models, all at lowest prices and on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

10,000 FREE TREATMENTS FOR FOOT TROUBLES

DON'T SEND ME MONEY.—Let me prove without payment, that I have the most successful foot treatment ever made. It matters not what your foot trouble—Corns, Chilblains, Bunions, Hard Skin, Tender, Tired, Sore, Swollen, Aching, Perspiring, and Smelling Feet, Rheumatic and Gout Pains—I have a preparation that will give your feet a new lease of life. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields, or pads you have tried, you have not tried mine. It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment, which removes the cause of trouble and leaves your feet free from all foot misery. I know it will do all this, and I want you to send for free treatment. Briefly state your foot trouble and enclose two stamps for actual postage, etc. I will send you the treatment by return.



Mr. H. LEE, (Dept. 90.)
91, LAMBS CONDUIT ST.
LONDON, W.C.

2/6 Per Week

New Spring Garments at 2/6

The Greatest Offer of the Season!

In order to popularise our garments, we are making this wonderful offer to "JOHN BULL" readers.

We will send any one of these garments POST FREE in plain wrapper to you for immediate wear on receipt of 10/- with promise to pay 2/6 on receipt of the garment, and 2/6 weekly for 8 weeks—making 32/6 in all.

Send only 27/6 (5/- reduction) if full amount is paid when ordering.

Secure these remarkable bargains TO-DAY by filling in the coupon below and posting to us with remittance of 10/-

You will receive the goods by return, and if you are not perfectly satisfied tell us and we will at once refund your money.

If you like the garment after paying 10/- deposit, you may send 17/6 in full if you prefer to do so.

Garments of unusual distinction.

Cross all P.O.'s thus— & Co.

RAINCOATS.
Stylishly cut and London man-tailored from strong hardwearing material, and beautifully lined in light or dark Fawn. Length 42 to 52 ins. State size and shade when ordering.

COSTUMES.
Perfectly cut and London man-tailored for serviceable Spring wear. Smart NAVY pinhead stripe or in PLAIN GREY, PURPLE or BLACK. Breast pocket outside. Fully lined strong twill. Small women's, women's and outsize. O.S. no extra charge.

COSTUMES in Light or Dark. All Wool Tweed can also be supplied at same price.

State size and colour when ordering.

SPORTS COATS.
in All-Wool Light, Dark or Medium Tweeds of good quality. Full Men's Garments. Leather buttons, patch pockets, suitable for tennis, cricket, golf, cycling, etc., or for office or home wear. Sizes 34 to 42 in. chest.
State size and colour when ordering.

RAINCOATS.
Stylishly cut and London man-tailored from strong, hardwearing material and beautifully-lined in light or dark Fawn. Sizes CHEST, 34 to 44 in. State size and shade when ordering.

(*Exactly as illustrated*).

PER WEEK

ALLAN'S, 530, Oxford St., London, W.1.

Please send as follows:—
(LADIES) or (GENTS) Name of GARMENT.....

COLOUR..... SIZE.....

For which I enclose 10/- and promise to pay 2/6 on receipt of Garment and 2/6 weekly for 8 weeks. (27/6 if paid in full.)

(Mr.) (Mrs.) (Miss).....

Address.....

.....

ALLAN'S MANUFACTURERS
(Dept. J.B.)
530, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA.

OO' mornin', ma'am . . . Oh, yes; I occasionally 'as female customers, and I'm told that as a rule I gives them every satisfaction. . . . No; you needn't 'ave no fears. I 'aven't sliced orf nobody's ear up to now, and I don't think I shall start on yours, ma'am. Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . *A wave?* Cert'n'y "A life on the ocean wave!" Er—excuse me, ma'am. Step this way, if you please. The wavin' room is on the first floor. I'm sorry there's so many stairs ma'am, to wot yer might call the Hupper, Chamber, but it's the way 'ouses is built. . . . Take this seat, if you'll be so good, ma'am. . . .

* * * * *

Excuse me—allow *me* with the pins, ma'am. I always prefers to take 'em out meself. Then I sees exactly 'ow the 'air falls nacherally, w'ich 'elps the artis.' . . . Mentionin' the Hupper Chamber jest now an' arskin' you to take your seat reminded me thet it don't seem to be quite settled even now w'ether peeresses is goin' to' set in the 'Ouse o' Lords along with the peers or not. . . . I think I'd better level orf the ends a bit, ma'am. The 'air 'angs a trifle uneven. . . . Thank you, ma'am. Yes, as I was sayin, it don't seem by no means certain about women settin' in the Hupper 'Ouse, w'ich'll be a bit of a disappointment to Lady Rhondda, I sh'd think. Wot might be your opinion, ma'am? . . . You *think it shameful?* Now, wot exactly might you think shameful, may I awsk? . . . Eh? *The miserable, quibblin' jealousy o' the men?* Well, you've cert'n'y put thet pretty plain, ma'am. You seem to know a goodish bit about it. . . . *You 'ave reason to?* 'As 'ow? . . . Wot! *Bein' Lady Rhondda 'erself?* Now so fur as *I* unnerstands the posish, it's somethink like this 'ere: in 1919 there was a Sex Disqualification Removal Act passed, wot provided that no person should be disqualified by sex or marriage for the exercise of any public function. The 'Ouse o' Commons reckoned thet settin' in the Lords was a public function, and intended to give peeresses in their own right the right o' doin' it. But w'en the Bill goes up, the 'Ouse o' Lords says, "Oh, no you don't! 'Ave women in the 'Ouse of Commons if you like, as you seem to be so fond of 'em. But not for us, thank you! Not in the 'Ouse o' Lords! Not in the Hupper Chamber, if *you* please!" Yet, in the face o' this, w'en your claim, me lady, came before the Committee of Privileges the other day, they grawnted it. But the result is thet you don't quite know w'ere you are! Is thet a more or less clear statement o' the fac's o' the case, me lady? . . .

* * * * *

Oh, you don't really want to set in the silly old 'Ouse o' Lords, but want to know you've got a right to if you *should* want to. I see. Well, for my pawt, I don't see w'y you shouldn't. We've got women in the 'Ouse o' Commons, in the pleece force, in the medical profession, and even women barbers ain't unknown. But some o' them coronetted old blighters in their vermin robes is jealous—thet's wot it is, me lady! Well, I 'ope you'll beat 'em. . . . Thank you, ma'am. Goo' day, me lady! . . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Yorkshire Evening Press":—"The coming of the Queen was announced by a detachment of burglars of the Boy Scouts sounding a general salute."

"Smart Novels":—"How beautiful it was to sit there and feast her eyes on the lovely scent."

"Illustrated Sunday Herald":—"A Scots marriage between a private in the Highland Light Infantry and a Chelsea man . . . was . . . ; yesterday held to be binding."

"Weekly Dispatch":—"The ward in Grimsby hospital where Jack Cornwell . . . died, is to be furnished with articles made from timbers of H.M.S. *Chester*, in which Cornwell died."

"Aberdeen Evening Gazette" (advertisement):—"Day-Old chicks . . . may be had on 15th inst., 21s. per ton, if called for."

"Daily Telegraph":—"The agrimotor . . . ; would reduce the cost of production and at the same time increase it."

"Aberdeen Evening Express" (advertisement)—"Bedroom and Parlour Furniture . . . also Kitchen Furniture and some antique Crockery; almost new."

"Pioneer" (India):—"ford car . . . not yet run 4,000 miles . . . will go at 5 miles per hour on top speed."

"Brixton Free Press" (advertisement):—"Lost . . . gentleman's 8-stoned diamond ring, owner will be handsomely rewarded, husband been killed."

"Western Mail":—"A few days ago the political enthusiasm of a Liverpool Irishman got him into trouble with the authorities, as a result of which he spent about a year in Irish prisons without trial."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Destitution and Death:—An ex-soldier has had no work since he finished the big job out in France. His four children are suffering from influenza, and he lost a son some weeks ago. Quite a load of sorrow for a penniless man.

Tragedy in Humble Life:—A labourer left his humble home to go to work, and a few hours afterwards was killed. His striken widow was faced with the problem of how to bury him, and when she came to us was in great financial difficulties, awaiting compensation. We, of course, came to her aid.

A Blighted Home:—An ex-Tommy has been out of work for a considerable time. He has a wife and five children, a sixth having just died. The sadness of a pauper's funeral was near until the poor fellow brought his trouble to us.

In the Shadow:—Another man who served and who has no work has a wife who was about to present him with another "blessing." At the moment he owed rent and was about to be imprisoned for his rates. We did as you would have wished.

For the Babies:—Still they come, and most of the unfortunate unemployed parents have no adequate garments in which to wrap them when they arrive. Once more we make our appeal for baby clothing.

A "DIE-HARD" MILITARY MEDALLIST.

Medals earn no money, but it may be taken for granted that a man who could gain the Military Medal in such a dare-devil regiment as the "Die-Hard" Middlesex must be a man of worthy parts. Unfortunately such a man does not always receive worthy treatment. We have in mind 243085 Pte. H. W. Roffe, M.M., 19th Middlesex, who was discharged from hospital as recently as January 28th last, after being there for eleven months and three weeks. He had nothing to sustain him but his flat-rate pension of twelve shillings and eightpence a week. He reached home to find his wife seriously ill in bed, and soon after his son, a promising lad of sixteen, had to be admitted to the West London Hospital, where he died after nine days' illness. Meanwhile, the gallant soldier was referred on two occasions by his Pensions Committee to the Medical Referee, who in turn passed him on to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, for further treatment.

The Immediate Need.

The unfortunate fellow was faced with a series of calamities which were quite beyond his resources. His wife was ill, his boy was lying dead awaiting burial, and he himself was still undergoing treatment and quite unable to do any work to supplement his meagre pension. His need was imperative and immediate, and in his distress he applied to us. We were glad, after due enquiries, to be able to play the part of fairy godfather. The tears of gratitude that glisten in the eyes of those we are able to succour, often when all else has failed, are pearls beyond price. So remember "The Greatest of These——"

MORE CASES HELPED.

How They Live!—Some of the words of appeal read—"My wife expects to be confined any day this week. I am unable to beg or borrow the few shillings which we must have for the necessary articles for confinement. I have been out of work for 14 months, and have three children, the eldest four-and-a-half years old. I have pawned our last valuable—my wife's wedding ring." We helped, through you.

The Mighty Fallen:—A naval man performed his special duties so well that he was awarded the O.B.E. Now he is ashore, on the rocks, and homeless. We looked after him.

Darby and Joan:—An ancient pair who will be entitled to the Old Age Pension in a few months have been tottering towards their end for some time, their only assistance the parish. They were both ill with the prevailing "flu" lately, and their condition was a very sad one when we came to their rescue.

WITH MANY THANKS.

E. E. McL. (Maidstone), £2 2s.; "Abso. Anon," £1; A. McA. (Streatham), £5; "W.," £1; R. M. S. (Clifton), £1 1s.; W. H. T. (Milford Haven), £1; "In Loving Memory of Alan," £1; "Abso. Anon," £1; J. J. (Swansea), 10s.; "Emerald," 10s.; "Thatcham," 10s.; "X. S. H." (Barnhill), 6s. 2d.; Miss M. D. (Newport), 5s.; S. McC. (Raynes Park), 5s.; "Inesmuch" (Glenluce), 5s. 3d.; "Doreen," 2s. 6d.; "Nemo" (Hitchen), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. C. (Stafford), 2s.; Anon., 2s.; "With Thanks," 2s. 6d.; H. W. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; C. E. H. (Morpeth), 2s. 6d.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; J. G. C. 2s. 6d.; Miss A. P. (Brighton), 2s.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; C. H. E. (Newark), 2s.; Mrs. G. (Middlesex), 2s.; "Southampton," 2s.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; "Tom" (Melton), 1s.; F. W. E. S. (Portsmouth), 1s. 6d.; "Disabled" (Dunfermline), 1s.; Mrs. H. (West Kilbride), 1s.; "A Friend," 1s.; L. M. (Burnley), 6d.; A. E. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 6d.; Mr. F. B. (Battersea), 6d.; W. M. (Llanelly), 8s.; A. T. (Merton), 5s.; W. O., 1s. 6d.; E. M. (Ross-on-Wye), 2s.; Mr. H. T. (Peterborough), 2s. 6d.

Mrs. R. Chappell, the winner of the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 439, has kindly sent us £1.

Your Life and Home protected against Fire FREE. See page 20.

TAKES THE SIGN OUT OF SCIATICA

Also stops the pain from Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis, Inflammatory Rheumatism or other stiffness and swellings. Does it all within ten minutes, too, says

W. G. EAST,

Cambridge Coach for 30 years.

I once thought internal drugging with opiates or narcotic and stomach-upsetting medicines was the only way we could expect to stop acute rheumatic pains and uric acid disorders, such as gout, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, gravel, etc., etc. I never found it to afford more than temporary relief, however, and after my experience of *Reudel Bath Saltrates* I know that my previous theories were quite wrong. The remarkable curative effects produced by hot saltrated baths in my own case as well as with numerous of my pupils and acquaintances, may prove of interest to many readers. A half-pound or so of refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates* is sufficient for two or three weeks' treatment, and two of these oxygenated and medicated baths a week for this period are all that even the most severe cases usually require for a cure. The formula for this natural curative compound is derived from the official analyses of waters from several famous spas, *whose medicinal properties the compound exactly reproduces.* The hot saltrated water will stop any rheumatic or gouty pain in a few minutes. A permanent cure is only a matter of a little perseverance, as visitors to the spas know from experience. At night, just before retiring, is the best time to take these baths for sciatica or rheumatism, and they will not only ensure a sound, restful night's sleep, but also stop or prevent colds, influenza, chills and other ill-effects of exposure to inclement weather, etc.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

The standard remedy for over 50 years
Gives instant relief from *Catarrh, Asthma*, etc.
AT ALL CHEMISTS
4s. 3d. a tin

GRAVES

GENUINE SILVER LEVER. A true timekeeper under all conditions. Perfectly adjusted, fully jewelled, & fitted in strong hunting silver cases. Price 5/-.

DELIVERED to all approved orders for 5/- with order. Balance in 9 monthly payments of 5/- Quite unlimited. Money back if not all disappointed.

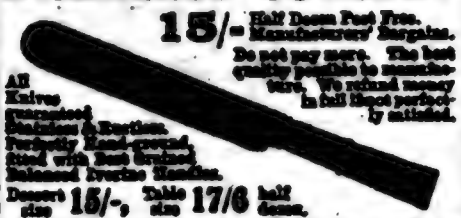
5/- WITH ORDER

CATALOGUE FREE. Write for Catalogue of Watches and lovely Jewellery, Engagement Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, Necklets, etc., at the lowest prices and on the Easiest Terms. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

STAINLESS CUTLERY

15/- Half Dozen Post Free. Manufacturers' Bargains.

Do not pay more. The best quality possible to manufacture. We refund money in full if not perfectly satisfied.



All Knives guaranteed Stainless to Rust-less. Perfectly Hand-ground, fitted with Best Nickel Balanced Ivorine Handles.

Dessert size **15/-**, Table size **17/6** half dozen.

FREE GIFT.—With One Dozen Knives we present our PAT. No. 183,816 KNIFE SHARPENER.

Send a postcard To-day for Free Illustrated List of wonderful bargains in Cutlery and Canes of all kinds of the finest made Sheffield Cutlery.

J. H. FOGGATT & SONS, Cutlery Manufacturers, (Dept. C 17), THE MOOR, SHEFFIELD.

The CITY LIFE Assurance Company, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543

Assets Exceed -	£1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	£450,000
Claims Paid Exceed -	£1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed	£2,250,000

Managing Director,
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

A New Spring Model COSTUME *for* 5/- *post free*

To introduce our new spring costume for the season we are making this special offer to cater for the requirements of our many customers, and to prove that for economy and smartness our goods are in a class by themselves. Made in all-wool serge and with the jacket lined throughout with floral lining, this well-known tailored garment wears well, and retains its smart appearance.

Send **5/-** together with the form below, undertaking to pay **5/-** a week for five weeks, or if you prefer send **27/6** with your order and no further cash.

H. H.

To A. RYDER & CO. (Westbourne Grove), LTD., London, W.C.2.
Please send an all-wool costume of the following colour..... I enclose P.O. for 5/- and undertake to remit 5/- a week for the next five weeks. If I am not satisfied I will return the costume and you will refund the money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE..... J.B.1.

Colours:
Navy & Black
Sizes:
Coat 30, 31, 32
Skirt 32, 34, 36

A. RYDER & CO. (Westbourne Grove), LTD., LONDON, W.2.

BOVRIL

WOOD'S FAMOUS BARGAINS

WONDERFUL CARPET OFFER.

One Size only, 3 yds. by 2 yds. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE.

REVERSIBLE

The Art Design and Colourings of these Jute Carpets are equal to those found in Carpets priced at £5 5s. Od., and they have the advantage of being reversible.

20/-

2 for **38/-**

Send 20/- at once stating colour preferred—Red, Green, or Blue—and Carpet will be sent by return.

SUITABLE FOR ANY ROOM.

Also in Heavier Quality. **25/-** 2 for **47/6**

BIG RUG BARGAIN.

We have 500 of these beautiful Reversible Rugs, size 27ins. by 54ins., in red, blue and green, to match Carpets which we offer at the low price of **3/11** EACH, TWO for 7/6

No one should hesitate in sending for these Bargains.

Send your order to-day. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All Goods Carriage Paid.

WOOD & CO. (Dept. J.B.), 35, Dickinson St., Manchester

CHRONIC COUGHS

Cured by the Ideal Family Remedy. After Eight Years of Chronic Bronchitis.

Mrs. Easthope.

Mrs. Easthope, 25, New Brunswick Street, Horwich, near Bolton, had suffered with bronchitis for eight years. The cough was very trying, and when she went to bed at night it troubled her to such an extent that she was completely exhausted.

"It was not," she says, "until I got Veno's Lightning Cough Cure that any relief came. I began taking it regularly and presently found that I was getting stronger in the chest, and the cough became easier. From that time I improved steadily until at length I was cured."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS.
LUNG TROUBLES.
NASAL CATARRH.
BRONCHITIS.
ASTHMA.

1/3 A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.
WHOOPING COUGH.
BLOOD SPITTING.
HOARSENESS.
INFLUENZA.

Large size 2s. The 2s. size is the more economical. Vendors the World over. Of Chemists and Medicine

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

M. M. (Rochdale).—We fear that there are a good many soldiers still in prison for military offences committed during the war, and agree that the occasion of Princess Mary's wedding would have been a suitable one for a general amnesty.

E. H. (Leytonstone, E.).—"I feel convinced that Archdeacon Wakeford was quite innocent." So do most sensible people.

"HULL LAD" (Birmingham).—"I really depend upon your illustrious journal for my higher education." So do lots of other people who haven't the manners to say so.

E. A. P. (Croydon).—"Why do you not offer prizes for misprints in your paper?" We should have thought the reason sufficiently obvious to anyone who could spell.

MRS. H. (Bolton).—"Will you please be a little more careful in your judgment of public men?" We will.

K. P. (Southsea).—"There are some people ever ready to pick holes in you, sir." True, but we're tough stuff to pick at.

G. P. (Port Glasgow).—"Has a man to believe there is no God to get rid of the tortures of religion?" Not necessarily, although we prefer atheism to religious mania any day of the week.

E. E. R. (Florida, U.S.A.).—If there is anything in your claim to "cure cancer without the knife" there is £80,000 waiting for you from Lord Atholstone and Sir William Veno. A "square deal," as you call it, is assured.

W. J. (Worthing).—For every piece of "vulgar rudeness" you find in this paper we will present you with a large piece of plum cake, if you call at this office in a proper spirit and with a clean collar.

R. T. (Devon).—Afraid we can hardly say whether "roses or snowdrops are our favourite flowers." We are awfully fond of cabbages.

"TRUE BRITISH."—If you are dissatisfied with any of our advertisements you should communicate with the Advertisement Manager, 57, Long Acre, W.C.

"AJAX."—We note your considered opinion that "Nemesis is on our track." That probably accounts for the fact that twice last week we slipped up on a piece of banana skin.

"SINCERE WELL-WISHER."—Thanks for letter on Spiritualism and couple of tracts. Same handed to the member of the staff who in our judgment stood most in need of them.

F. B. (Folkestone).—You must not be jealous of what you call "women's privileges." Our view is that the sex cannot be treated too well as long as they're polite and amiable.

"JAYGER" (Wednesbury).—"You may be in the King's Honours List next time." Thanks for warning us.

MRS. N. F. (Chingford).—"I cannot imagine sane people writing piffle to an Editor." Perhaps not, dear lady, but if we can stand it, you need not agitate your cerebellum.

"STUDENT."—It is very nice of you to send us an eight-page essay on the Christian religion, but we fear it would not pass muster before the Bench of Bishops. Still, go on if it makes you happy.

"CRANSTON."—"Only the truth can set men free." Yet we have known several chaps who blabbed it and got run in.

"FAIR PLAY" (Wapping).—There is no rule to prevent competitors getting coupons for our competitions from odd copies of JOHN BULL found in waste-paper baskets. It is the meet reward of industry and research.

MRS. A. P. W. (Croydon).—"I wish to thank the National Association of Master Bakers——" Wrong shop, madam!

S. R. T. (Taunton).—Sorry you got such a "cold welcome" when you called on your neighbours delivering tracts. Perhaps you might have got on better if you had taken a bottle of Scotch with you.

"'JOHN BULL' READER."—"Kindly tell the L.C.C. to sack 2,000 of the married women teachers." We will, and early next week we'll send someone down to see if they have done it.

"ROSE" (St. Helen's).—"I am a plain shoemaker's daughter with a beautiful soul." If we had more time we might ask you to prove it.

"PRIVATE" (King's Royal Rifles).—"I have a genuine antipathy to the Mormon missionary." Shows you've got a nice mind.

D. S. G. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Your poem on the Geddes Axe is so good that if only we had space to print it you should be as proud as a peacock.

H. F. (Cape Colony).—"Great changes have taken place in South Africa since I came here forty years ago." If you came back to London, old son, you'd find that we haven't exactly stuck in the mud all that time, either.

G. P. (Scotland).—"I believe if you prayed till your head dropped off the world would not move an inch." Perhaps not, but we were not aware that decapitation was among the dangers of a too devotional spirit.

E. N. (Dorchester).—"I sent my daughter in London a box of eggs last week and not one was broken. Should I congratulate the Postmaster General?" Probably he would not see you, but you might lay a bouquet on the doorstep at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"READER" (Barmouth).—Your telegram to hand and its fine Scriptural flavour much appreciated. Bet it edified the postal clerks.

R. T. A. (Yeovil).—"Mrs. MacSwiney, widow of the hunger-striking Lord Mayor of Cork, is going to America." No tears.

"CURIOUS" (Cranwell).—We submitted your conundrum to our office boy, but he positively sniffed at it. Try it on the curate.

"NICOTINE" (Warwick).—"At Victoria Station they are selling the enclosed kind of tobacco at eightpence an ounce." Unfortunately, the "enclosed tobacco" amounted only to a wrapper that didn't even smell!

COLONEL A. T. V. DURELL, of Osborne, Isle of Wight, offers a goat to any ex-Service man who has a use for it and will treat it properly. Applications direct.

F. B. (Glasgow).—Glad to say there has been no decline whatever in the popularity of our "Bulleta" competition, which remains without a rival in the field of lucrative prize contests.

MISS V. K. E. (Chertsey).—We quite believe you are "a clean respectable girl," but fail to see precisely what it has to do with us. Still, it's polite of you to report yourself.

"KANSAS" (Sheffield).—We are not at all impressed with your letter upon the "Auction of Souls," and indeed after reading the whole twelve pages we have the haziest notion of what you mean.

"SUBSCRIBER."—Afraid we cannot assist you to start in business as a bookmaker. Try the Salvation Army.

MISS M. R. (Manchester).—Fancy your girl friend smiling for four hours on end. Bet her face ached!

"MISS MUFFETT."—"I do not think you would weary of my company if I called to see you." Then perhaps you had better stay at home.

J. H. S. (Hull) is an ex-Naval Reserve man who volunteered with an artificial foot, on November 24th, 1914, and therefore considers he beats "A. R. W.," of Guildford, who enlisted a year later. Any more competitors?

"READER" (Somerset).—"A little encouragement goes a long way in business." It does, as the boy said when they gave him a farthing to run a mile.

A. G. (London).—We note that you wish Mr. Clynes to tell you "whether he is a Socialist, and if so, will he give his definition of Socialism." One fine day we'll ask him.

"READER."—Pity you mixed up education, cruelty to animals, and anti-waste all in one letter. One on each subject and a week's interval between them would have tickled us to death.

W. G. W. (Birmingham).—What is this talk about your house being watched all day by spies and informers? Afraid you've got a bee in your bonnet.

A. S. W. (Clerkenwell).—It was not you who were recently referred to in the *Passing Show*, but another gentleman of the same name. So cheer up and be pally.

C. A. (Southsea).—We note your statement that you have "taken JOHN BULL for forty years and your father before you." Seeing we only came into existence in June, 1906, we feel awfully bucked.

"JOKER" (Earl's Court, S.W.).—Funny chap, aren't you, to send us a letter with no stamp on it and nothing inside. Why don't you go on the stage?

"SIRRAH" (Dublin).—Sorry we are not an authority on the game of chess although we can play shove-ha'penny and postman's knock.

"CLODHOPPER" (Saxmundham).—We note the remarks on education by a Cambridge County Councillor, which, as you say, "get the back up of a farm worker." Our dander likewise raised.

"DIANA."—We agree that the bearing-rein habit is a cruel one which, in the interests of our equine friends, ought to be abolished.

A. W. (Shanghai).—"Western missionaries coming to Eastern lands ought to be asked what they are there for." Frequently they are, with a smack on the head to help them think.

"ONE WHO KNOWS" (London, S.E.). So you think gas stoves "impair the eyesight, affect the nose, throat and respiratory organs, and finally the brain becomes dull." Rotten!

"ONE OF THE MANY FOOLS," (Ireland).—Nothing in your letter proves the truth of your *nom-de-plume*. Be more civil to yourself.

"TIT-BIT."—Most happy to see your "idea of a cartoon," but when you ask us to say what we think of it we decline with all the resolution of our adamantine soul.

"PINKIPOO."—Since you ask us, we think your handwriting would be considerably improved by the use of a JOHN BULL Pen. The reverse effect is hardly possible.

J. J. R. (Birmingham).—We see no possible objection to your sending the young minister "some pretty calendars." You might even go so far as to knit him a pair of socks and a chest protector without exceeding the bounds of discretion.

A. H. N. (Sunderland).—"Don't think that because the workman is inarticulate he is not disgruntled." We won't; and between us and the post he's not exactly inarticulate in Covent Garden.

A. E. (Prestonpans).—Thanks for formula for making lavender water, which unfortunately we have no space to print. We have, however, given instructions for an experimental bucketful to be submitted for our olfactory inspection.

"SHOP ASSISTANT" (Lewisham).—No doubt a good many things were forgotten on Princess Mary's wedding day which might have been done. But it is understood that the parties are averse from having the ceremony over again.

J. D. (Salisbury).—You are quite right not to accept "sacred missions" from strangers, especially when they write from Spain.

"WILLIAM Y." (Sandy).—Glad to hear you have "not relinquished hope," although what you are hoping for, and why, and when, we have no more idea than the Lama of Tibet.

"JUJUBE" (Cardiff).—We were perfectly fascinated by your pen picture of the pitman "shovelling blackberry pudding into his lower regions." Did he swallow the pips?

"SYMPATHIZER" (Preston).—"To err is human, to forgive divine." The very thing we thought last week when an old woman nearly poked our eye out with her umbrella.

F. B. (Shrewsbury).—You must surely be aware that it is not allowable for a newspaper to comment upon a lawsuit while it is in progress. If you're not, we are.

E. A. S. (Hunts.).—You rather seem to include us among the "moral lepers" you speak of, although the worst thing we ever did in our life was once, a long time ago, to lose the last train from Brighton.

MRS. G. (Dublin).—"My husband was before a Medical Board suffering from heresy, but they gave him treatment for neurasthenia." Look at that, now! And ten to one it was schism all the time.

"JACK" (Kendal).—We note that you sent a verse to the Editor of a certain journal and "the dirty dog did not put it in." We will keep it by us and see what can be done between now and Christmas.

"ANI-DETROI."—We note that you are about to marry a German woman. Perhaps if we saw you we should better understand the reason.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Has your landlord raised your rent? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

DON'T BE MISLED!!!

THE WHOLE UNISSUED SURPLUS STOCK OF BRITISH GOVERNMENT WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR WAS ACQUIRED BY BOLSOM BROS.

5/- PER GARMENT

OWING to the enormous sale of this splendid Woollen Underwear (500,000 garments having already been sold), many attempts are being made to get rid of inferior quality job lines of Underwear.

IT is therefore necessary to point out to the public that Bolsom Bros. having acquired the ENTIRE unissued surplus stock of BRITISH Government Vests and Pants, other Underwear offers can in NO WAY be compared with this offer of Real British Government Woollen Garments.

EVERY garment is delivered direct to us ONLY from the various BRITISH Government Depots in their original bales under Ministry of Munitions warrants, and stamped with the makers name and date of manufacture.

THESE woollen Vests and Pants are of the ordinary civilian pattern, and are the finest and most reliable underwear ever made—the wool used in their manufacture being non-irritant, warm and comfortable to the skin, and which can be had in all sizes in light, medium or heavy weights.

WOOLLEN VESTS

All have long sleeves, as illustrated. Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium, or Large. In light, medium, or heavy weights. EACH **5/-**

WOOLLEN PANTS

to ankle. Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium or Large. In light, medium, or heavy weights. EACH **5/-**

Arrangements have been made for the convenience of Cardiff residents to obtain this British Government Underwear from James Howell and Co., Ltd., The Cardiff Drapers.

THE PRICE, 5/- EACH, IS MUCH LESS THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL COST OF THESE GARMENTS, AND IS WELL WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY MAN. SO DON'T DELAY. SECURE A SUPPLY FOR EITHER PRESENT OR FUTURE USE, BEFORE THE REMAINDER IS CLEARED.

EVERY GARMENT HAS BEEN PASSED AS PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL BY GOVT. EXPERTS.

POST YOUR ORDER

(which will be dispatched by return), enclosing remittance and postage extra, as follows:—1 or 2 garments, 1/-; 4 garments, 1/3; 6 garments, 1/9; 8 garments, 2/-. Larger quantities carriage free. Treasury Notes must be registered. Open daily 9 a.m. till 8 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. till 9 p.m. Absolute satisfaction or money refunded in full. Post orders to

BOLSOM BROS. (Dept. J.B.)
GOVERNMENT SURPLUS DEPOT,
129, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT FLANNEL SHIRTS.

Bolsom Bros. have also acquired the last million Army real Flannel Shirts which are of the same guaranteed quality as the underwear. Well cut and finished and strongly made, they cost 11/6 to produce. We are offering them at the amazing price of only 5/6 each, half the cost of manufacture. Supplied in all sizes in Natural Flannel. Post Orders should be sent at once, enclosing extra for postage as shown. These shirts are unprecedented value.

5/6

State size of collar usually worn.

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

10,000 PAIRS ONLY NOW REMAIN OF OFFICERS' BOOTS IN BLACK OR TAN, FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOTS, REAL SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS AND REGULATION NAVAL BOOTS, WORTH 50/-. OUR PRICE, 20/-.

10,000 pairs are all that now remain of our recent huge Government deals, and readers are advised to call or POST THEIR ORDER without delay if they wish to secure the best boots in the world for extra hard wear at 20/- per pair. Once cleared this opportunity can never occur again.

No. 70.

No. 70. NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT. SPECIFICATION: Real Kip Grained Uppers screwed and stitched to best. Full watertight tongue, 2 single solid butt soles, solid all leather heels. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. (11's 1/- extra.)

Our Price **20/-** Per pair.

Postage 2/- extra. Without question the biggest boot bargain ever offered.

Worth 50/-.

S.B. No. 17. OUR FAMOUS STOUT DERBY WINTER BLACK or TAN BOOT.

This boot has been specially built for every purpose. The three main essentials—comfort, smart appearance, and leather of a quality that stands hard continuous wear—are incorporated in its manufacture. Stout Derby pattern. With particularly stout soles and CHROME uppers. Every pair warranted and stamped all leather. Worth 35/-. Our price **20/-** Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's 1/- extra.)

No. 17.

SOUTH AFRICAN DOUBLE SOLE WATERPROOF FIELD BOOT.

S.B. No. 20. In Black or Tan. SPECIFICATION: Real Black Box Calf or Superior Tan Calf Uppers, Leather lined throughout, two single solid butt soles, full waterproof tongue. No better boot made for smart appearance, comfort and endurance. The ideal winter boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Country Walking and all sports. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, (11's and 12's 1/- extra.) Worth 45/-. Our price **20/-**

No. 20

NOTE THESE FOUR POINTS.

1.—Damp-proof filling between upper and first sole.
2.—Stout first all-leather sole.
3.—Patent waterproof layer between the two soles.
4.—Stout solid bend outer sole, fully water and damp-proof.

See that the three stamps are on the soles. No others genuine.

POST your order NOW to the largest Boots-by-Post Business in the World, with 20/- for each pair and 1/3 extra for postage. (No. 70, 2/- extra), stating number and size required, and your order will be sent by post without delay. Register Treasury Notes and make Postal Orders payable to BOLSOM BROS. In the rare event of the Boots not fitting perfectly, we will exchange them with pleasure; or if you do not approve of them, you can return them within seven days, and your money will be refunded without question or quibble. Open daily, 9 till 8 o'clock. Saturdays, 9 till 9 p.m.

BOLSOM BROS. (Dept. J.S),
109 & 157, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Reproductions of Photograph of actual boots. No. 72. OFFICERS' NEW TAN DERBY BOOT (as illustrated). Specification: Real Tan Calf Uppers. Finest quality leather throughout. Leather lined right through to toe. Solid Butt Sole. The Ideal Winter Boot for every purpose. Worth double. Also in black. Laces free. Our price **20/-** per pair. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's 1/- extra)

No. 72

S.B. No. 16. REGULATION NAVAL PATTERN BOOT. Without question the strongest, most reliable, and the best value ever given in footwear. Just the boot for hard wear and endurance. Derby pattern. Stout Black Chrome Uppers. No cap. Leather lined Forepart. Welted (made in the hand-sewn way) All leather. Honestly worth 35/- Our price 20/- Stocked sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 10 (11's and 12's 1/- extra).

20/-

S.B. 16.

'BULLETS' BIG FIVE!

5 PRIZES of £250 EACH

5 PRIZES of £25 EACH

5 PRIZES of £10 EACH

10 Prizes of £2-10 each

25 Prizes of £1 each

100 Prizes of 5/- each

1,000 Prizes of 2/6 each

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Forty examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can **EACH** begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A Bargain. Bullet:—Wife Thinks Until Later. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 442.

LLOYD GEORGE'S SLOGAN	BREAD OF IDLENESS	DE VALERA	SWINGING THE AXE
GOVERNMENT CHANGES	IF I WERE RICH	WORK	NEIGHBOUR'S GRAMOPHONE
WHEN ELECTION COMES	ALL EMBRACING	IN PAWN	TRUE TO NATURE
MERRIE ENGLAND	IN FREE STATE	FAKED	POCKET MONEY
THE NEXT BUDGET	BEAUTIFUL BABY	MR. BALFOUR	COMING TO GRIEF
MAKING US DANCE	ONE MAN SHOW	BETTING	CAPABLE OF ANYTHING
BULLING THE PUBLIC	DECEIVES NOBODY	OUR TRADE	WHEN COURTING
WE WON'T VOTE FOR	MIXTURE AS BEFORE	CONJURING	HOLDING THE KEY
SHOULD BE BOYCOTTED	CROSS COUNTRY	FLAT SEASON	ROUND OUR NECKS
WHAT WE FEAR MOST	SOLDIER OF FORTUNE	HOLLOW SHAM	MUST COME SOON

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(442) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(442) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 442. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(442) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d

Signed_____

Address_____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(442) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Result of Competition No. 440 ("Bullets" £1,000 offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 442.

FLOWER OF ENGLAND	LADY'S COMPANION
CUT AND RUN	TOO FREE
THE OLD SCHOOL	GAY DECEIVER
PRESENTED AT COURT	WHIP ROUND
IN THE KITCHEN	SPOILT KID
HONESTY	SITTING ON
GOOD THING IF	ANGLING
GIVING HIM SOCKS	SPRING HANDICAPS
TURNING HIS COAT	WHAT WOMEN WEAR
MONDAY MORNING	A PRETTY PENNY

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, April, 6th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **442** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 442, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 442.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 21.

One of the matches set for the above Competition, Aberdare A. v. Luton Town, was not played because of bad weather. The following 26 competitors each sent a correct forecast of the remaining nine fixtures and, therefore, divide the prize of £1,000, each receiving the sum of £41 13s. 4d.:—

Black, J. P., Rowan Bank, Maud, N.B.
Boffin, T., Southampton Street, Faringdon, Berks.
Cornell, W., 10, Freshwell Street, Saffron Walden, Essex.
Dyball, A., 22, Cobden Street, Waterfall, Blackburn.
Eade, C. B., 28, Tillingham Street, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
Gill, E., 18, Lavers Road, Stoke Newington, N. 16.
Greatbatch, R. E., 27, St. Andrew's Square, Stoke-on-Trent.
Hambridge, C. H., 84, Constantine Road, Hampstead, N.W.
Hicks, M. F., 36, Manor Road, Liscard, Cheshire.
Hurst, F. J., 32, Trevelyan Terrace, Belfast.
Ingold, A., Benningtons, Hatfield, Broad Oak, Essex.
McCoy, M., 30, Mitford Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Matthews, T., Woodville, Baddeley Green, Stoke-on-Trent.
Pool, W. W., 2, Albion Street, Padiham.
Robinson, Miss A., 97, Winslow Road, Rusholme, Manchester.
(Continued at foot of next column.)
Sadd, H., Rendham, Saxmundham.
Skelio, M., 85, Malmesbury Road, Row, E. 3.
Snow, A., Archdale, London Road, Neath, Glam.
Telford, Mrs., 18, Plantation Street, Leadgate, Co. Durham.
Tunstall, E. H., 135, Endlesham Road, Balham, S.W. 12.
Turner, J., 115, Kitchener Road, Forest Gate, E. 7.
Walker, G., 38b, George Street, Richmond, Surrey.
Wells, Mrs. D., 19 Asfordby Street, Leicester.
Wood, H., Jnr. 420, Munition Cottages, Scotswood, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

☞ **SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES:** Cheques for £5 each will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the five "Bullets" Prizes of £250 in Competition No. 442 purchased their copies of "John Bull."

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to.....	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye.....	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

March 18, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to:—
John Bull INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

..... Newsagent of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Home Address.....

March 18, 1922 .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

ONE WEEK! EXCLUSIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE ONE WEEK!

£300 MUST BE WON

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £300 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £300 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £300 MUST BE WON.

BIG ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. This competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from this week's issue of JOHN BULL. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £300 (three hundred pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending in a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £300 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £300. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

How to Fill up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, March 23rd, will be disqualified. Employees of the paper conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 23, "JOHN BULL," 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 21 will be found on the opposite page.

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 23rd.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, MARCH 25th.

HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Arsenal	v.	Aston Villa			
Bolton Wan.	v.	Liverpool			
Birmingham	v.	Middlesbrough			
Oldham A.	v.	Newcastle U.			
Bradford	v.	Notts Forest			
Rotherham C.	v.	West Ham U.			
Crystal Palace	v.	Bury			
Charlton A.	v.	Plymouth A.			
Brighton & H.A.	v.	Luton Town			
Norwich City	v.	Swansea Town			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(23) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

GRAVES

COMPLETE SERVICE OF GENUINE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY & PLATE,

delivered to all approved orders for 5/- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied, Money refunded if disappointed. Service comprises:—6 Table Knvs, 6 Dessert Knvs, 6 Table Frks, 6 Dessert Frks, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Spns, 1 Soup Spn, 1 Sugar Spn, 1pr Sugar Tngs, 1 Jam Spn. Blades of finest Sheffield Steel, Ivory grained Tenovite Handles. Spoons and Forks of Columbian Silver which wears white all through. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers—J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

If only women knew

IF only women knew what Venereal Diseases really mean, they would never run the risk of catching them. The commoner of these diseases is the more difficult to cure in a woman. It may mean months or even years of treatment. It may involve operations of the most serious nature. And a woman cannot protect herself adequately against infection. Women only find out the real horror of Venereal Disease when it is too late.

All those who have taken a risk should consult a doctor immediately. Those in doubt or difficulty may write to the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34A, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. (A plain cover is used for all replies.)

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects). 1/3 post free.

The Danger of the "Dancing Wife."

It is no secret that much matrimonial happiness is marred by the irresponsible flirtations of the "Dancing Wife."

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